



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

210. m. 679



600024751P







# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF A

# PRIVATE SOLDIER.

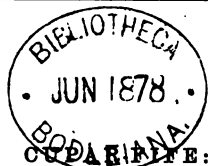
BY

JOHN PINDAR.

---

(REPRINTED FROM THE "FIFE NEWS.")

---

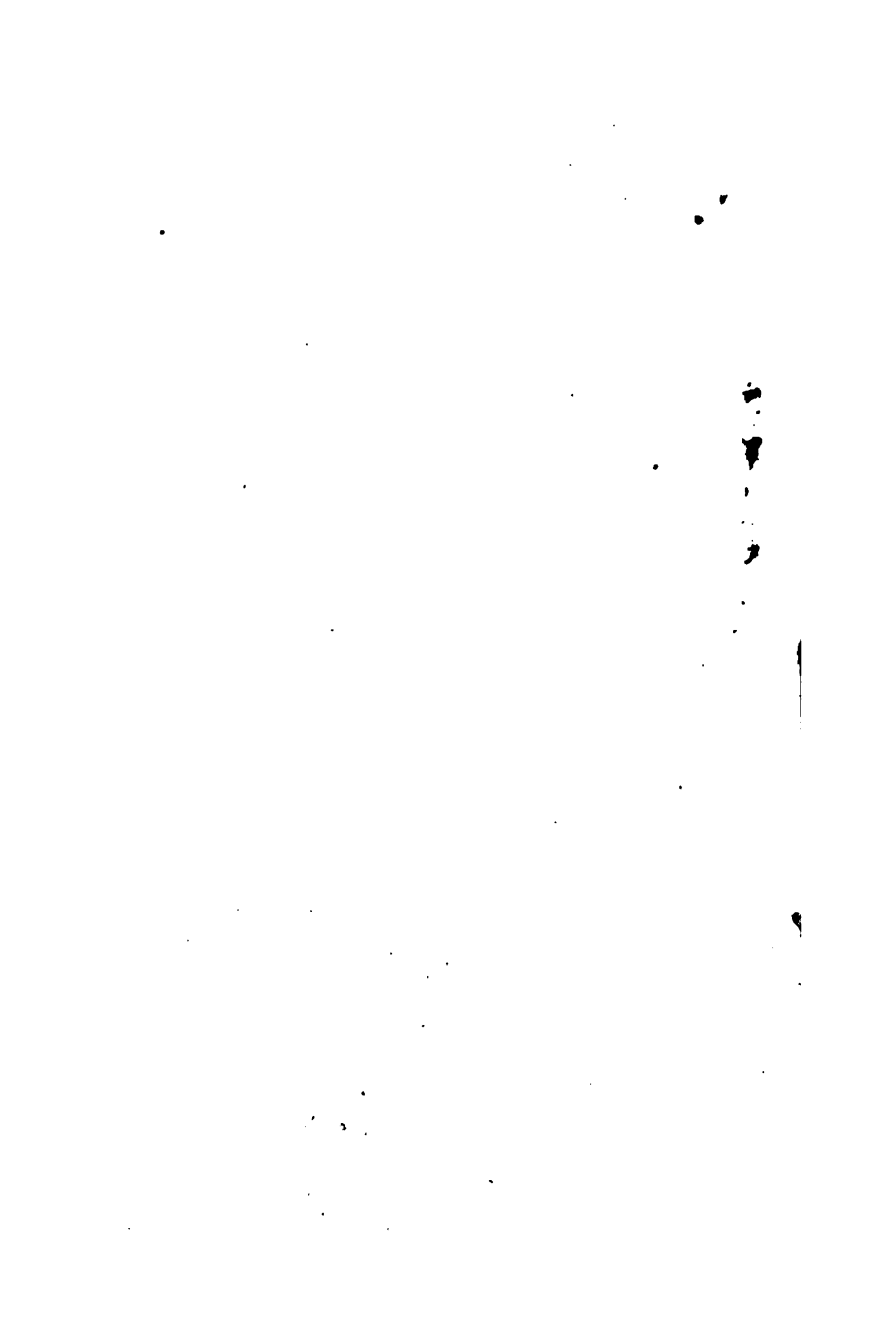


PRINTED IN THE "FIFE NEWS" OFFICE.

MDCCCLXXVII.

210. m. 673  
1









PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR

# CONTENTS.

---

## CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Birth—School Days—In the Mine—Enlistment,	1

## CHAPTER II.

Embarks for India—Paddy M'Cann Discourses on Songs and Sings an Irish one—A Scotch Song—Lands at Calcutta, . . . . .	8
--	---

## CHAPTER III.

Joins another Regiment in India—March of 1100 Miles—The Majestic Wonders of Nature— Soldiering in India, and Opportunities for Intellectual Culture, . . . . .	18
---	----

## CHAPTER IV.

Baptism of Fire—Attack and Defeat of Savages on the North Western Frontier—Tardy Recognition by Government, . . . . .	25
---	----

## CHAPTER V.

March Across Country to Calcutta—Voyage Home, and Arrival in Edinburgh, . . . . .	30
--	----

## CHAPTER VI.

Experiences in Edinburgh—The Guard-Room— Walking Sentry at the Castle and at Holy- rood Palace, . . . . .	37
---	----

## CHAPTER VII.

Cork—The Irish Girls—Wounded in the Heart —Visit to a Roman Catholic Chapel, . . . . .	46
---	----

## CHAPTER VIII.

A Gallant Captain—The Fenian Outbreak—The Irish Lasses, . . . . .	54
--	----

## CHAPTER IX.

Mitchelstown—Helen O'Keeffe—Promotion, . . . . .	61
--	----

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.	
In Love—Soldiers' Wives—Taking a Prisoner to Cork—A most Unfortunate "Spree," with its Humiliating Consequences, - - -	68
CHAPTER XI.	
Cork—Last Visit, - - - - -	77
CHAPTER XII.	
Dublin, - - - - -	80
CHAPTER XIII.	
Embarking and Sailing for Gibraltar—Descrip- tion of the Rock and Military Arrangements, 88	88
CHAPTER XIV.	
New Year's Night, - - - - -	98
CHAPTER XV.	
New Year's Night Continued—Military Duty in Gibraltar—How the Rock came into British Possession, - - - - -	107
CHAPTER XVI.	
Sieges of Gibraltar, - - - - -	116
CHAPTER XVII.	
The Fortress of Gibraltar—Farewell to the Rock, 126	126
CHAPTER XVIII.	
Arrival in Malta—Its "Lions," - - -	133
CHAPTER XIX.	
The Valletta Opera House—The Spacious Har- bours of Malta—Two Imposing Catholic Processions, - - - - -	139
CHAPTER XX.	
Mankey Bouffe's Love Difficulty, - - -	146
CHAPTER XXI.	
The Primitive State of Agriculture in Malta—A Royal Birth—The Catacombs of Citta Vecchia —St Paul's Bay, the Place where the Apostle Landed, - - - - -	153
CHAPTER XXII.	
The Soldier's Pay, - - - - -	161

# LITERATURE

## ERRATA.

---

Page 9, line 11, for Sir P. Grey, read Sir P. Guy ;  
page 26, line 15, for Lieut. Dougall, Ensign C. B.  
Murray of the 79th (then attached to the regiment),  
read Lieut. Dougal of the 79th (then attached to the  
regiment), Ensign C. B. Murray ; page 35, line 22,  
for stand, read strand.

subterraneous caverns of the earth. School days  
at that time only looming in the distant future,  
there was no outside pressure to cause parents to  
send their children to school ; hence what little  
knowledge was instilled into my youthful mind  
was only gathered around the parental fireside,  
leaving me in blissful ignorance of those intel-  
lectual and educational attainments without which  
no man is able to raise himself to a respectable  
position in life. Happy years of infancy, however,  
I enjoyed until about my tenth, when it was  
destined that, like my forefathers, I should first

learn to toil in the bowels of the earth, for at that early age I found myself driving a pony in a coal mine for sixpence a day. Proud, of course, I was to be able to add even this sum to the family exchequer; but as I grew in years and strength I was promoted to the position of a *real* miner. Being of a studious nature I could manage to read Solomon's Proverbs even before my pony driving days, and now I eagerly embraced the advantages of an evening school in the village. At the age of sixteen I began to learn to write. My old schoolmaster used to take great pains with me, and I felt prouder than I had ever done before when I wrote my first letter to him in a half-text hand. How cordially he congratulated me upon my wonderful progress. Dear old Johnnie! many years have passed since then; still, I remember the kindly smile that was wont to illumine thy sonsie face. Where thou art now I cannot tell; but should this meet thy waning eye it will tell thee that the wanderer loves thee still.

Although I toiled on for years without murmuring I was never content with my position as a miner. I felt a craving to see something beyond the circles of my little home, for I had now spent twenty years of my life without ever passing the confines of the "Kingdom;" yet during all that time I had never once entertained the notion of becoming a son of Mars. I was considered by my friends to possess a pusillanimous kind of soul, as I never took any interest in the sports of the village, and the gay-hearted companions of my youth were wont to bestow upon me the endearing appellation of "calf." None ever dreamt of the likelihood of my ever leaving the quiet and calm seclusion of my village home to mingle in the strife and tur-

moil of a martial life. Yet such are the unknown ways of Providence—"Man proposes, but God disposes." As my mind became enlightened by the few books I managed to buy or borrow (there being no public library in the village) to read, I began to feel more and more dissatisfied with my monotonous life, and had now managed to wander through nearly all the works of the British poets, finding they all therein spoke proudly of the British soldier, and sang his praise in soul-stirring strains. How often does our national bard sing of a "sodger laddie," ranging from his "I am a Son of Mars" down to his mournful and plaintive song about the weary and warlike soldier returning to the scenes of his youth and passing the trystin' tree "where Nancy first he courted." Tannahill also, in his "Wallace's Lament," tells us how the soldier's deeds

"Shall make immortal the place where he fell,  
And his name be enrolled with the sons of the brave."

And Campbell's "Soldier's Dream," the grandest of all our martial poems! Who cannot, in imagination, see the war-broken soldier sleeping on his pallet of straw, dreaming of home and early youth? He wanders o'er the heathery hills; he hears his father's goats bleating amongst the well-remembered scenes of early youth; he strains his weeping wife to his bosom; his children are kissed a thousand times o'er, but, alas! he awakes from his sanguinary bed to find himself surrounded by comrades slain. Indeed all the poets I had read, from Byron to Macneal, had some encouraging word to say in favour of a soldier's life.

Whether or not these authors had aught to do in bending my inclination towards the army I cannot exactly say, but I began to look around me

for some occupation more congenial to my mind than that of a miner. Professions requiring education were closed against me, and I began to perceive I had no prospect of being able to maintain myself in a respectable position above ground unless I enlisted for a soldier. I knew Her Majesty was at the time greatly in want of men for the army, for these were no "piping times of peace." France and Austria were drenching the fair fields of Italy with the blood of their bravest sons, while our own gallant little army was contending against the blood-thirsty savages of India's terrible mutiny. Recruiting parties had on several occasions paid a visit to our village, but without any success, for although a few young fellows belonging to it did enlist, the young men generally had repaired either to Kirkcaldy or Dunfermline before taking that important step, as any determined youngster who longed after bubbled reputation at the cannon's mouth was considered in his native quarter little better than a *black-guard*, though he should have been honoured with the proud designation of a *brave guard*.

What can be the cause of so much antipathy towards a red-coat in religious and covenanting Scotland, a deeper learned man than myself will require to tell; for where the Bible is the primary book of a country, and where infant lips are taught to prattle the heroism of old Abraham in gathering together his trained servants and pursuing the army of the leagued kings to rescue Lot; of Moses and Joshua's routing the Amalekites and Cannanites; of the Sweet Singer of Israel's oft-repeated encounter with the Philistines, and especially his onslaught and destruction of Goliath; of Gideon, Samson, Barak, and

Jepthah, down to the destruction by the hordes of ancient Rome of the city and its beautiful Temple that were wept over so lovingly—it seems to me more of Christian charity ought to be bestowed upon those who take their life in their hand to keep an insulting foe within bounds.

Soldiering is thus seen to be of very great antiquity, and even now, in this boasted age of civilisation and intellectual refinement, there is little appearance of the Millennium morn dawning on our war-stricken world. Rather, indeed, many things in the world, both religious and political, indicate that the profession of arms will be a popular occupation up to the time of the great battle of Armageddon.

Having at last made up my mind and determined to be a soldier, one bright smiling morning in June 1858 I bade farewell to Fifeshire's pleasant fields and forests clad in green. The sun was shedding his refulgent beams o'er the laughing earth; the lark, high up in the blue sky, was pouring forth his merry lay in the calm stillness of that summer morn; all nature rejoiced with a cheerful voice as I left my native village *en route* to the Scottish capital to "take the shilling" and serve my Queen and country. Arriving there and walking leisurely up the High Street, I was accosted by a recruiting sergeant—Paddy Foley by name, who was well up to his business—in the following manner:—"Well, young man, looking for employment to-day? I'm the boy that's willin' to give yes a job. Come into Rutherford's and let us have a social crack over a sparkling glass of potheen. Be jabbers, it's the nice young fellow you are, born with the mark ov a Marahal's baton on your brow. It's jist sich



young fellows like yes that we want to foight the Sepoys in India. Oh! they've kilt all our poor women and children at Cawnpore, and then drowned them in the well. Bad luck to the black-hearted spalpeens, but it's the thundering vengeance we'll have before long. My ould Crimean Gineral, Sir Colin Campbell, has gone out to India, and he's jist what we call in Ireland 'the real broth of a boy.' I would have been there with my regiment now only the ould doctor tould me that the wound I got in the Crimea would prevent me from ever serving in action again. I soldiered in India long before the Mutiny, and it's a nice country indeed—no dirty fatigues ov orderly-man to do there; just keep yourself clean, and you can shoot bears and tigers all day in the jungle; but there's plenty of cowardly Sepoys to shoot at present, and as I think you intend to be a gentleman by becoming a soldier you can't do better than join my brave ould Hieland Regiment. Though born near the Galtee Mountains in ould Ireland, twenty-three years in a Hieland Regiment have nearly made me forget my ould mother's tongue."

Sergeant Foley was every inch a soldier. He had four medals for service in face of his country's foes, and during his long career in the army, had served in all parts of the world—East and West Indies, China, Canada, Corfu, Mediterranean, and the Crimea.

Come drink a glass, my young spalpeen,  
 I see that thou art willing  
 To serve our loving, gracious Queen—  
 Come, here my lad's the shilling.

Paddy's eloquence fairly floored me, for I there and then became a soldier, but not in his regiment,

as I selected one of the Fusiliers which was at the time bravely defending their country's honour and glory before the gates of Lucknow.



## CHAPTER II.

### EMBARKS FOR INDIA—PADDY M'CANN DISCOURSES ON SONGS AND SINGS AN IRISH ONE—A SCOTCH SONG—LANDS AT CALCUTTA.

Having now voluntarily become a soldier of Her Majesty, I had a few days I could call my own before the usual preliminaries of "passing the doctor" and "swearing in" took place, of which you may be sure I took every advantage to explore the beauties of "Auld Reekie." There is no Scotchman now-a-days, I believe, but has seen it for himself, and must have felt much the same as I did on his first visit, so that my ideas of it are unnecessary here, and I have no doubt are better wanting, as the gorgeous descriptions of the Indian cities that were being "dinned" into my head daily at this time caused our own capital to look but second-class at best. But now my longings to be out in the world are about to be realised, for after being fairly attested I am sent on to Colchester in England to join the dépôt of my regiment. Here I was doomed to linger for fifteen months getting instructed in the "goose step," handling and using the rifle, &c., with nothing to break the monotonous life save an occasional stroll about the town to show off my red coat and bushy, thinking oft that Foley's dreams of India were never to be realised.

But "it's a long lane that has no turning," and we are at last to get a taste of life, for an order has been received for a draft to be sent on to Gravesend for embarkation to join the regiment. Accordingly I was one, and, along with some other 500 soldiers, women, and children, bound for all the different corps then in India, I embarked on board the sailing transport "Algiers," on the 12th September 1859, the whole of us being under the command of Colonel (now General) Sir P. Grey, K.C.B. Few unless those who have seen it can conceive the scene of commotion and confusion to be witnessed on the crowded deck of a troop ship preparatory to sailing. Here are a huddled knot of women and children looking wistfully out at the shore of their native land, perhaps never more to be beheld by them. There you see a few half tipsy soldiers shaking hands in parting with some old comrades who have not been permitted to accompany them; while in every corner baggage is lying, and sailors bustling hither and thither to make things straight, every now and then coming tilt against some tear-begrimmed mother looking anxiously for her straying children. There was one very touching episode which I may here mention. A handsome English girl got permission to go on board ship to take farewell of her young husband. Their parting was indeed heartrending. They had a little boy two years old, who despite his tender age seemed to realise the situation. When his father kissed him the innocent tears flowed down his chubby cheeks. Five months afterwards I saw the father of that little boy laid by the banks of the yellow Ganges. Their parting on board ship was the last on earth. When the grave

yields up its charge the re-union of these fond hearts will, methinks, be a scene over which angels will preside.

After everything has been put to rights, hatches battened down, and the good ship and tight merrily ploughing her way through the briny sea, life on board, without that grim enemy, sea-sickness, is rather of a joyous nature to those who love a stirring and active life. We weighed anchor and sailed next day, and having a favourable breeze soon left the white cliffs of Albion far behind us. Now was the time for every one on board to find out ways and means to beguile the long, weary voyage, and none was more energetic in this than Paddy M'Cann. He was leading man in everything, and whenever langour seemed to oppress us, Paddy was sure to have some drama to rehearse for an amateur theatre, or might be seen flying about choosing his men to take part in an embryo concert. One evening, after we had been long at sea and were drawing near the line, a group of us, quite languid with the sultry heat, were crouched in a corner with weary spirits longing once more for a sight of land—which we had entirely lost sight of since leaving the Channel. The good ship was moving lazily before the light breeze, when one exclaimed, "I think Paddy M'Cann should favour us with a good old Irish song."

Paddy, always willing, replied, "Well, boys, I'm not much of a singer, but I'm a bit of a poet, although I never composed a rhyme in my life. An ould poet, Wordsworth by name, once said that there were thousands of poets who had the

'Vision and the faculty divine,  
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse.'

But, boys, I'm one of those poets who see beauty and love in every land where I've been, and I've soldiered in every country which acknowledges Queen Victoria as its ruler. I'm now an old soldier, the oldest of the 500 now aboard this ship. I fought on the banks of the Sutlej twelve years ago, an', let me tell you, India is a glorious country. Don't drink too much ; be careful of your health, and be temperate in everything and you'll all do well."

"But, Paddy, you once sung me a beautiful song in Preston Barracks about some nice girl in Templemore," cried Jim Lockton of the 20th.

"Let me off once more an' I'll give you a song—a good ould Irish song—written by a genial-hearted Irishman who has made the whole world laugh wid his wit an' humour. Well, my young boys, if long familiarity wid the glory an' grandeur of external nature ought to make a man a poet I should be classed along wid Byron and Shelley. Like these distinguished poets I've seen some of the most sublime scenes in the world. I've been the hero of moving an' romantic adventure ; I've been familiar with death on the sanguinary field of battle ; I've sailed more than once o'er the wild wide sea, an' slept in the midnight stillness of foreign forests ; I've trodden the pine-covered hills of the Punjaub, an' lived for years under the hoary head of the heaven-kissing Himalayas ; I've swam in the yellow Ganges, an' reposed amongst royal groves on the banks of the rapid-rolling Indus ; I've been a wanderer in distant lands ; I've seen the sun rise and set on the sunny coast of Africa ; I've beheld the stars come forth in the fragrant Isles of the Southern Seas ; I've lived in populous cities, and mingled 'midst the assembled

multitudes of mankind ; I've been intoxicated with the rosy charms of female beauty ; I've drunk inspiration from some of the most romantic scenes in the world ; yea, I've even pressed to my bosom the lovely flowers from the Cashmere hills, an' yet Paddy M'Cann is no poet. I've never, it's true, conversed with living men of genius, but I've read the poets an' historians ov Ancient Greece an' Rome, while the poets ov my own counthry have been to me like the majestic beauties ov Nature a pleasure an' enjoyment."

"Go on, Paddy," cried a hundred voices at one time.

"A few words more, boys, an' I've done. Now, without disrespect to the young English boys who're now listening to me, I must say that England has no national songs—that is songs like Ireland an' Scotland. Eliza Cook wrote some nice songs, but her two best are Irish an' Scotch —'Norah M'Shane' and the 'Star o' Glengarry.' Ould Ireland has her Tom Moore, and bonnie Scotland her Robbie Burns, but English song writers are still in the future. Tom Moore, the national poet ov my counthry, has immortalised in his beautiful songs the virtuous beauty that adorns the daughters of my own bright Emerald Isle. Och ! my bright boys, these songs ov ould Ireland shall find an echo in the heart of my counthrymen while there's leaves in the forest and foam on the river. Look again at the sweet songs o' bonnie Scotland—songs that are sung wherever a Scotchman's foot has trod. I've listened to the sweet music of a Scotch melody in the stillness of an Indian jungle, an', Irishman though I be, I've felt something like a Scottish spirit stirring within my

soul as I've listened to that grand martial song o' auld Scotland—

'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'

"Well done, Paddy; it's at home in Parliament you su'd be instead o' fechtin' the battles o' yer country," cried young Sandy Murray, a recruit going to join the Gordon Highlanders.

"Well, boys, I'll speechify no more, but sing you the song I promised sometime since."

#### FORGET NOT YOUR KATHLEEN.

Forget not your Kathleen  
When on the wide sea,  
Remember, dear Dennis,  
She lives but for thee.  
I know that 'tis duty  
Alone bids thee go,  
And leave me behind ye  
In sorrow and woe.

Though far you may wander  
From home and from me,  
My blessings and prayers  
Shall be ever with thee.  
In good or in evil  
In each changing scene,  
Remember me, dearest,  
Forget not Kathleen.

Forget not your Kathleen  
Where'er you may roam,  
Nor kind hearts that love ye—  
The old friends at home.  
Remember, dear love,  
In the hour of distress,  
When dangers surround thee,  
Or sorrow oppress.

Though fortune frown on thee  
Your Kathleen will smile,  
And a home you will find  
In your own native isle.



In storm or in sunshine,  
In each changeful scene,  
Remember me, Dennis—  
Forget not Kathleen.

Old Paddy's song was well received by us young fellows, and he claimed the right to call for the next song and pitched upon a young Scotchman named Baxter of the 88th for it.

"Weel, my lads," says Baxter, "I'll try an' sing ye a bit sang, but min' ye ye're no to expect a great speech frae me sich like as ye've had the pleasure o' listenin' tae frae the lips o' oor frien' Mr M'Cann. I feel I ocht tae return him my very sincere thanks for the kindly manner he spak o' my dear country, an' oor national bard, Robbie Burns. I ne'er heard oor minister, the Rev. Mr M'Fitt, speak at ony o' oor soirees wi' half the eloquence that characterreeses the speeches o' oor frien', M'Cann. Su'd I fin' my future companions-in-arms in the Rangers as kindly disposed towards a puir Scotch laddie as Paddy M'Cann is, I'll ha'e nae cause tae regret my enlisting in the best o' Irish Regiments."

#### FAREWHEEL TO SCOTLAND.

'Twas whan the flowers o' the summer were bonnie,  
An' birdies sang sweetly frae ilka green tree,  
Whan I tane fareweel o' my dear Caledonia,  
An' gaed oot tae India a sodger tae be.  
I had wrocht i' the pits sin' I was a wee callan',  
An' keen, keen I was the big world tae see;  
I've seen noo my felly, an' tears fast are fa'ing  
For those I ha'e left in my ain countrie.

I little kent then what was't to be a sodger—  
I had heard his life was a' glorious an' fine;  
But aften he's lain on the cauld grun' a lodger  
Whan marching at nicht in a far foreign clime.

I aften ha'e tho'cht since I put on a red coat,  
 A bonny blue bannet wi' plume hangin' o'er,  
 A waistbelt an' bayonet, although they look bonnie,  
 Are but a puir change for the claes I ance wore.

Childhood's day o'er my memory rushes—  
 Oh, sweet pleasant day nae mair tae return—  
 When I roamed 'mang groves o' bonnie brown bushes,  
 An' pu'ed the gowans on the banks o' the burn.  
 Oh! then I was happy, blythesome, an' cheery,  
 In life's early mornin' nae sorrows kent I;  
 But noo my life is aye stern and dreary,  
 Tho' beauteous an' sweet is the bright Orient sky.

Belov'd Caledonia, dear land o' my childhood,  
 Thou glorious land o' the brave an' the free,  
 Aften I wandered thy glens an' sweet wildwood,  
 An' sported wi' lasses upon the green lea.  
 But those days are gane never more to return,  
 While I, a puir wanderer, bound now to roam  
 Far frae companions, which mak's me tae mourn,  
 An' sigh for the joys o' my auld Scottish home.

The young Scotchman sang his song in a very modest and creditable manner. The sailors would have drowned him with grog, but Baxter's temperance principles prevented him from tasting either grog or any other stimulant. Teetotallers are very common in the army now-a-days; but, like their brethren in civil life they are rather hard towards those who do not think as they do. If a man considers a glass of porter or ale beneficial to his health by all means let him take it. But the law should be very severe with those who make beasts of themselves or exhibit themselves in a state of intoxication. This has been done in the British army, and what is the result? Why, the British Army is a pattern of sobriety. We don't keep drunkards in it; they are discharged the first opportunity. Man

being reasonable gets drunk, said Lord Byron, but he only shows his unreasonableness when he drinks fire-water until he forgets his manhood and respectability. In many such cases he sinks

"Into the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Such scenes as these led on by Paddy's genial, round Celtic countenance, were the means of keeping away *ennui* during the long voyage round the Cape, for we had no Suez Canal then. Now and again we would see turtle and porpoise sporting in the water, and have visits from the flying fish and "Mother Carey's chickens." Twice also had we sport assisting the sailors to haul on board a large shark they had caught. One of these creatures measured no less than 15 feet, and did wallop the deck well with its mighty tail before he was fairly despatched, after which all of us partook of parts of its flesh, and gave the remnant to its hungry brethren of the sea.

We had only one death all the way, and never will I forget the impressiveness of the funeral at sea. The corpse, sewed up in its canvas coffin, with the shot attached, is stretched upon the sloping plank, and when the chaplain comes to the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," one heavy plunge and we see our comrade no more, until "The sea shall give up its dead." For a while this causes a calmness and solemnity to reign over us, but shortly cheerfulness resumes its sway, and the dead is soon forgotten amongst us, though there will be lamentation and wailing in that little cabin in the south of Ould Ireland when the melancholy news reaches there.

Although we were all enjoying good health and were very comfortable in our wooden house we

again began to long to see land, never having seen any since we took the last glimpse of England. However, on the morning of the 20th January 1860, India's coral plains were seen on our right. Such a ringing cheer it called forth. By evening we were anchored at the mouth of the Ganges. Next morning we were towed gently up the river, the banks of the Houghly being beautifully dotted with splendid mansions and very pretty gardens on both sides ; but many a sickening scene is observed on its bosom owing to the numerous dead bodies in every stage of decomposition floating down the sacred stream—a thing it took me a long time to erase from my memory. At six the same evening we cast anchor opposite Fort William and had the “City of Palaces” (Calcutta) spread out before our admiring eyes.



### CHAPTER III.

#### JOINS ANOTHER REGIMENT IN INDIA— MARCH OF 1100 MILES—THE MAJESTIC WONDERS OF NATURE—SOLDIERING IN INDIA, AND OPPORTUNITIES FOR INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

Next morning (21st January 1860) we were all disembarked and marched to the military station of Dum Dum, about 7 miles from Calcutta, to be forwarded from thence to the stations of our different regiments. And now came a tinge of sadness after the hilarity we had revelled in for the last four months, for we were to be scattered far and wide—parted, many of us, never to meet again on this side of the grave. It was little else but a recapitulation of what most of us had had to undergo when leaving home. Comrades from the same village home who had wandered and frolicked together o'er the tranquil hills of their native land had to bid a long adieu, while promises of remembrance in the future and earnest prayers for each other's success were the main topics of the hour. I found that the regiment I had come out to join was on the eve of embarkation for home, and those of us who were destined to serve in the Fusiliers were to remain here until it came down from Allahabad to Calcutta on the way to England. We had, therefore, three months' duty to perform in Dum Dum before we joined the head-quarters of

the regiment in Fort William Barracks, Calcutta. Arrived there I was posted to Captain Walpole's company, and though I found out I had only two countrymen of my own in the whole regiment, I liked the Fusiliers exceedingly well, and learned that I could not well have selected a more distinguished regiment, as they had fought in nearly all the bloody battles of Europe, and for their bravery and the great services they had rendered in the Mutiny, received the distinguished approbation of the Commander-in-Chief (Lord Clyde), and the Governor-General (Lord Canning). As is usually the case on a regiment leaving India any of us wishing to prolong our service in that country were allowed to volunteer to any of the other regiments under the strength. As I had been but a few months out and did not altogether relish the idea of returning to England so soon without seeing something of a country I had heard so much about, and whose terrible deeds of a year or two back were still fresh in every one's memory, I made one of a party of volunteers (though with some reluctance), and chose for a new home on the 17th February 1861 one of our National regiments—the Highland Light Infantry—then stationed at Sealkote in the Punjab, 1160 miles from where I now was.

At this time I met an old soldier on his way home, a native of Glenvale, who knew me at once, although ten years had passed since we had wandered together o'er the Scottish hills and glens. He had finished his ten years' service—most of it hard fighting in the Crimea and India—having fought in the ranks of the 55th Regiment in the battles of Alma and Inkermann, and when the Indian Mutiny broke out, astonishing the Christian

world with its terrible deeds of blood and violence, Robert Bain transferred his services to India, and in the ranks of the Gordon Highlanders fought with that courage and coolness which distinguishes the soldiers of his country. I believe he is once more in Glenvale contentedly labouring at the same occupation as caused me to become a soldier.

Railways being by no means so common in India as at home, I had to join my new regiment by marching, which took me five months to accomplish, and during that time I had passed through most of the principal cities on the route, including the holy one of Benares, and Allahabad, Cawnpore, Delhi, and Lahore. One can easily conceive with what avidity a few spare moments or an occasional half-day at any of the prominent places of the Mutiny was used to visit the scenes of carnage, and with how reverent and tearful an eye we gazed on the bloody well of Cawnpore. Some parts of India are very beautiful, though few songsters enliven its landscape with sweet sounds of music, and her mountains are silent and still, their solitude being broken only by the mighty roar of some wild denizen of the forest in search of his prey. Still, the long march through this land of barbaric pearl and gold often caused me to long for a wander once more through the green fields and lanes of bonnie Scotland, where one can hear the "wee birdies singing frae ilka green tree" one harmonious song of praise to God. In my opinion, no good-thinking being can view the beauties of nature unmoved, for what happiness arises within one's bosom when gazing on fair and lovely scenery, viewing the smiling landscape, roaming beside the rippling burn, or climbing the heathery hills. The scenery

of Scotland is calm, sweet, and domestic ; but in India it is the grand, the terrible, the sublime. Here we have mighty rivers rolling over beds of golden sand and mountains kissing the sky. Here, too, we have thunder and lightning, rain and sand storms awfully sublime. He must, indeed, feel little of devotion within his breast who can witness an Indian thunderstorm without being convinced of a "great First Cause," and that an Almighty God "reigneth in heaven and amongst the inhabitants of the earth." Why, the very brutes of the jungle, whose ferocity is beyond bounds and their nature untameable by the hand of man, at its first approach seek their most hidden lairs, and crouch and tremble with abject terror ; and shall man, endowed with a reasoning soul, remain callous and indifferent, without a particle of holy awe arising within him as he stands before the voice of his Maker, and while these very animals are practically telling him "the hand that made us is divine."

I reached my new regiment in Sealkote on the 1st June 1861, and was posted to letter C. Company (Capt. Parker), the Colour-Sergeant of which was a native of Dunfermline. He had been in Glenvale in his civilian days, and knew a great number of the inhabitants of that important village, so that I was proud to find one in that far distant land with whom I could recall, as it were, the scenes and acquaintances of bye-gone days. I found, further, that almost every one of the regiment was a Scotchman—many of them being natives of "the Kingdom," so that old recollections came floating fast through my mind while once more surrounded by the constant sound of my own native tongue. Almost every



man, too, who had five or seven years' service could boast of the possession of three war medals, the regiment having been in the Crimea, and ordered out to India on the out-break of the Mutiny, to form part of the field force there, and also to garrison Gwalior.

I had again to settle down thoroughly to the work of a soldier, and use my spare moments replenishing my mind with information from books or surroundings, for every British regiment in India is possessed of a good library—a blessing which cannot be too highly appreciated by the private soldier. The books are carefully selected and well calculated to inform and improve the mind, although too many young soldiers consider the bacchanalian song and the sparkling glass as possessing more charms to the heart than all the books in the world. Their cry generally is, “We have plenty of time; let us ply the bowl and carol the song, and thus be glad and rejoice in the spring-time of our days. We are yet young, and the world is bright and blooming before us; why should we curb our youthful pleasures? Time enough when we pass the noon-day of life to turn composed and sedate.” And so, too, many young soldiers allow the brightest time of their life to escape from their grasp, thinking little of the present and far less of the great hereafter. Yet in this great age of books there is no soldier that has not the opportunity to improve and enrich his mind, and make himself acquainted with the world's history. Shame it is for any young man in this highly cultivated age to pass through the world and become none the wiser of all the beauties and wonders surrounding him on every side. No man has more time for this purpose

than the British soldier ; besides which he has the advantage of travelling in foreign climes, which his limited means and occupation in civil life would not permit ; and thus he can make himself acquainted with the habits, manners, and customs of the various peoples in the different parts of the civilised world.

For myself, I have felt more pleasure in my barrack room poring over the almost inspired pages of a Milton, a Cowper, or a Thomson, than I would amidst the attractions of all the gin palaces in the world. Still I must admit I often felt a sense of loneliness creeping over me whenever my thoughts would revert to home, which they often did. I had voluntarily left the land of my birth for the life of a soldier. I had crossed o'er the boundless ocean and was destined to traverse, perhaps for many years, the plains of sunny Ind, perhaps never more to know a home—a home lightened with a mother's smile or cheered by a dear father's voice. Home, sweet home, calm and serene, never can I forget thy hallowed recollections ! What endearing associations are entwined around that sacred and beloved spot. Often on a foreign shore the word Home has cheered my lonely heart ; often have I looked back through the dim vistas of time, and beheld the beloved countenance of a fond parent hanging o'er me with an indescribable smile. Who has not felt the influence of home exerting a pleasing effect on the mind, although a harsh and unfeeling world may have well nigh, with its cares and troubles, obliterated the pious counsels of a parental fireside. In our calm moments of reflection there will rush through the chambers of our memory some kind word long since breathed in

our ears by a loving mother—awakening the recollections of bright and happy days.

I also began to find out here that India was not nearly so severe on the British soldier as we are generally led to believe at home, as the duties are not nearly so heavy, and all the fatiguing work is performed by the natives. Indeed, there were very few privates but who were able to keep their own bat-man, cook, barber, &c., as a few pice was all the expense for these. Many also possessed a horse of their own, while nearly all were owners of dogs, monkeys, parrots, or some sort of pet, a plot of garden-ground, or a gun of their own, so that there was no want of amusement. In fact, it was only those who revelled in the canteen, imbibed the killing drink of the country, or were too indolent to indulge in out-of-door exercise, that had cause to complain of the effects of an Indian climate.

This was considered a very favourable station for a regiment, and ours remained in it close upon two years, being then under the command of Col. (now Major-General) W. Hope, C.B., after which, in December 1862, it marched to Nowshera, a station 200 miles distant from Sealkote, and 27 from Peshawur, my own company in the meantime being detached to a fortress on the Indus called Fort Attock, where we were until re-joining headquarters in June 1863.



## CHAPTER IV.

### BAPTISM OF FIRE—ATTACK AND DEFEAT OF SAVAGES ON THE NORTH WESTERN FRONTIER—TARDY RECOGNITION BY GOVERNMENT.

At the conclusion of last chapter we had joined head-quarters of the Regiment at Nowshera in June, where we remained until the 14th October, when, in accordance with instructions received, we marched to Nawakilla, in the Yusufza<sup>1</sup> country, leaving all sick men and invalids behind at Nowshera. The force which was assembled at Nawakilla for service in the hill country was under the command of Brigadier-General Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B. The object of the expedition was to destroy Mulka, on the Mahaban Mountain, the stronghold of certain Hindoostanee fanatics, generally known as the "Sitana" fanatics, who infested our frontiers, and were incessantly attacking the villages in our territory. Mulka is just beyond the English frontier, and in the territory of the Indoons. The force marched in two divisions; the first, entirely composed of native troops, marched on the 18th; the second, composed of European troops, marched on the 20th. The Umbeylah Pass was seized without difficulty, but, owing to the bad road, the march, although a comparatively short one, lasted nearly 24 hours, and several days passed before all the

guns and baggage were brought up. On the 21st the regiment encamped near the village of Umbeylah. On the 26th 150 men of our Regiment, under Major Parker, were engaged in repelling an attack from the enemy, on which occasion one private was killed and five were wounded. Privates William Clapperton and George Stewart were recommended for the medal for service in the field on this occasion. On the 30th the enemy made another attack on the pickets, but were repulsed. The regiment had three privates wounded on this occasion. On the 6th November a party of the regiment was attacked by the enemy, having been sent too far to the front, and not properly supported. Lieut. Dougall, Ensign C.B. Murray of the 79th (then attached to the regiment), one sergeant, and three privates were killed, and four privates were wounded. Captain Mounsey and Lieut. Davidson, the latter of the Indian Army, but attached to us, were specially mentioned for their gallantry on this occasion. On the 18th the whole force changed positions to higher ground, and was immediately attacked by the enemy, who was not repulsed before night. On this occasion Captain C. T. Smith, Lieut. Gore Jones, the latter of the 79th, doing duty with our regiment, and four privates were killed, and one sergeant, and four privates wounded, Major Parker being especially mentioned for his services. On the 19th Captain Aldridge and one private were killed, while another private was wounded. On the 20th, the enemy having succeeded in driving out the 101st Fusiliers from the "Craig Picket," by a sudden and unexpected attack, we were ordered up to retake it.

The "Craig Picket" was situated at the top of

a very rocky hill, which rendered the operation doubly difficult. Led by Colonel Hope, who was severely wounded, and supported by two native corps, we, in spite of the natural obstacles and the determined resistance of the enemy, re-took it at the point of the bayonet, and this day, in commemoration thereof, is still reckoned a jubilee day amongst us. The loss, however, was no less than seven privates killed, one field officer, two sergeants, three corporals, and nineteen privates wounded. Another private was killed on the 27th.

On the 15th December, Major-General Garvock, commanding the Peshawur division, had succeeded Sir N. Chamberlain in the command of the whole force. The latter also had been wounded in the attack of the 20th, and having received strong reinforcements, he attacked and defeated the enemy at all points, but the regiment being on picket duty, we were not engaged on this occasion. Shortly after this the Bonyers asked for and obtained terms of peace, but not before we had burned several of their villages lying nearest our frontier, so as to leave them no nest to congregate in for some time to come.

Such, then, was my first—and as yet only—taste of the “baptism of fire,” and never till my dying day can I efface its scenes from my mind. This was none of those fierce engagements with countless numbers, such as in the Peninsular, the Crimean, or in any of those later fields which were conducted by civilised nations opposing each other, and having all the appliances of modern warfare brought into use. We had to contend against a stealthy, treacherous enemy of pure savages, to whom the laws of common humanity were unknown. Far from having the smallest drop of the

milk of human kindness towards the wounded, our very dead became a prize to them like carrion to the vultures, and the scenes of mutilation that were enacted upon the bodies of our poor comrades whom we were sometimes compelled to leave upon the field, were disgusting in the extreme, and far too horrible to describe. The thought of this grieved us to dread much more the fracture of a limb from some stray bullet than if it were to reach the most vital part and thus terminate our existence.

Often, as I have already said, had I read and pondered over the glorious deeds performed by my countrymen upon the field of battle, and longed to share in their well-merited honours, now that I had become a soldier; but when the stern reality was placed before me, and I had to meet such a foe face to face, I must confess I felt an indescribable thrill pass through me, and again when my front rank man rolled over a corpse and I had to step up into his place to keep the "thin red line" unbroken, all finer feelings gave way as I saw at once at what cost "Duty must be done," and how true was the exclamation of the Psalmist when he said—

"Come see what desolations war has wrought."

Savages though our foes were, they had a war-like fashion of their own in meeting us, as if the spirit of Cain was still rampant in the earth, and it was no child's play they gave us when we met them. Night and day it was a continual watch for them creeping, snake-like, in overpowering numbers through the tangled grass or brushwood, or stationing themselves behind some loose boulder in close proximity to us, whence they would rush, like a storm of locusts, with wild unearthly yells

upon our positions, brandishing their weapons and seemingly courting death rather than avoiding danger.

Glad therefore were we, one and all, when we learned we had subjected our cruel enemy, and that peaceful arrangements had been completed ; but our total loss proves our victory was not gained without a good deal of blood being shed—our own regiment's casualties during the campaign standing as follows :—Killed, five officers (including Lieuts. Dougall and Jones of the 79th Highlanders), 1 sergeant, and 17 privates ; wounded, 1 officer, 2 sergeants, and 42 privates.

Though we still hear of troublous tribes about the North-Western Frontier, this campaign was the means of quieting these Bonyers, who have kept within bounds ever since ; yet, thanks to the tardiness of our Government, our services in it were long in receiving the recognition they so justly deserved. It was close upon ten years afterwards ere the medal granted for it was served out to us. Different corps who had been in short campaigns subsequent to us, and with but trifling, if any loss, had honours and rewards heaped upon them before us.

On the 4th January 1864 we marched to Peshawur, which place we reached next day, and on the 21st were inspected by His Excellency, Sir Hugh Rose (now Lord Strathnairn), K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief, who complimented us highly on the prowess displayed in the late engagements. Here we remained performing the usual duties the whole year, in the latter part of which the route for our proceeding down-country home was received with much enthusiasm. Each was more anxious than another to start "Westward Ho !"



## CHAPTER V.

**MARCH ACROSS COUNTRY TO CALCUTTA  
—VOYAGE HOME, AND ARRIVAL IN  
EDINBURGH.**

On the 14th December 1864 we commenced our march for home, and one can easily conceive the happiness felt by all when the welcome intelligence appeared in regimental orders, for in a few months more we would be back in the dear old land, gazing on the well-remembered scenes of former days.

'Tis sweet to see one's native land  
After many wandering years,  
And grasp the kind, familiar hand  
Of parents smiling through their tears.

Prior to our departure, special general and divisional orders appeared eulogising the regiment, the following being a copy of the latter:—

“Rawul Pindie, 1st November 1864.

“The 71st Highland Light Infantry being about to leave the Peshawur Division *en route* to England, the Major-General desires to offer them his best wishes on the occasion. He has known the regiment or a number of years. He was very intimately associated with it in the Mediterranean, and his interest in it is now materially increased in no small degree by its having served under him in the field, and done its part, and done it well, in obtaining for him those honours which Her Majesty has been pleased to confer. The Major-General had not

assumed command of the Yusufzai Field Force when the Seventy-First recaptured the Craig Picket, but he well knows it was a most gallant exploit. Sir John Garvoek, K.C.B., begs Colonel Hope, C.B., and the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the Highland Light Infantry to believe that although they will be soon no longer under his command, he will continue to take the liveliest interest in their career, and he now wishes them a speedy and prosperous voyage."

The regiment was also inspected at this time, and medals for "distinguished conduct in the field" were presented to Sergeant-Major Blackwood, Privates W. Malcolm, W. M'Donald, W. Clapper-ton, and J. Ramsay, and the "Victoria Cross" to Private G. Stewart, the whole of whom were highly complimented by the General for their bravery. The Sergeant-Major also received an annuity of £15, but had shortly thereafter to be invalided on account of wounds, and presently occupies the honourable position of one of Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard.

Our route was by marching from Peshawur to Delhi, and from thence to Calcutta by rail. We crossed the river Indus at Fort Attock by a large bridge of boats. The river here is very rapid, and the country barren and wild, swarming with every sort of wild animal. The daily march generally extended to from ten to twelve miles, our camping ground being always spots selected for that purpose which had been used by regiments going and coming for many years previous. At Rawul Pindee we encamped for a whole week, and, in accordance with custom, volunteers were here allowed to draft themselves to any of the other regiments in the Bengal Presidency. Two hundred of my comrades accepted the offer, but I

this time preferred to re-visit Scotia. We crossed the Ihulum by a bridge of boats as at Attock, and also the Chennah at Goojerat, which is more than three miles broad there, and encamped outside the beautiful city of Lahore, which is full of elegant and substantial buildings, while the surrounding country is delightfully interspersed with wood, hill, and dale. Here I saw no beggars, and yet India is full of them, for from the time you touch the soil of Calcutta until you again quit the country you are everlastingly assailed with the incessant cry, "Backsheesh, backsheesh, Sahib!"

Our next halt was at Umritsur—a large and important town with a population of 128,000 inhabitants—and the next town of any consideration was Lodiana, situated on the banks of the Sutlej. The American Church has a mission planted here for the conversion of the natives, but what progress they have made, or are making, I am unable to say. They seemed very solicitous for the spiritual welfare of the British soldiers, by offering us their Bibles for sale at the low price of one anna (three halfpence). However, after being four years in the country, I do not recollect of ever coming across a thorough native Christian. It is true I came in contact with many who were said to possess the qualifications of the so-called British Christian, but these qualifications appeared to me to consist in their being able to speak a little English, drink Indian rum, and intersperse a few good British oaths in their conversation.

We reached Delhi on New Year's day 1865 and encamped outside the walls of that ancient city. It is very large, and is situated on the right bank of the river Jumna, the population numbering

upwards of 160,000. We had our New Year's dinner on the plains where, but a few years previous, the deadly cannon were spreading death and destruction amongst the mutinous inhabitants of the city. The Jumna being only about three-quarters of a mile broad here, there is a stationary bridge of boats which we crossed and thereafter got the train direct to Chinsurahs, but the speed of the locomotives in that part of India can bear no comparison to those at home. As on the march, we encamped by day and as evening approached went whirring on our way again through the Indian jungles, no doubt often astonishing the tigers and jackals inhabiting them. We remained at Chinsurahs ten days previous to embarkation at Calcutta, the distance between them being only 24 miles, and the former a large military station, but on the 4th February the right wing (under Col. Hope, C.B.), got on board the hired transport "Mauritius," and the left (under Major Gore), in a few days afterwards in that of the "Albert Victor."

I belonged to the former vessel, and we had a very pleasant voyage notwithstanding a few stormy days previous to sighting the Cape. We anchored in Table Bay for four days, and a number were permitted to go ashore and visit Cape Town, which was at the time garrisoned by the 10th regiment. I was one of the favoured few granted this indulgence, but, as I could see nothing of importance to attract my attention, after drinking a couple of glasses of "Cape smoke," a sort of whisky, I returned to my vessel. This was the only land we saw during the voyage (with the exception of Fayal, seven days' sail from Plymouth.) We had a newspaper started on board to beguile the time.

A talented young fellow of the name of Edington was selected for its "Editor," to whom communications from all parts of the ship were sent during the week, and on the Saturday evenings the journal was read aloud to inform the whole of what had transpired in our little home since its previous issue.

We lost three men by death during the voyage. Poor fellows ! they were destined to find a watery grave just on the eve of reaching that Scottish home where fond parents were anxiously awaiting their return. We reached Plymouth harbour on the 29th of May, and went into barracks there for a few days until we got orders to proceed to Scotland.

These received, we again embarked—this time in H.M. troop ship "Urgent," which conveyed us to Granton, our destination being Edinburgh Castle. Imagine the delightful feelings with which we again beheld the coast of our dear native land. Words would fail me to describe them. While rounding Berwick Law many was the anxious glance I cast over to the tranquil plains of Fife—that sweet wee "kingdom" which contained all I held dear in this world. Seven years had passed and gone since I, a young fair-haired boy, had left its distant hills for the active life of a soldier, yet they had not cooled my martial enthusiasm, for though the opportunity of again becoming a civilian was at this time afforded me, the attractions of the army still prevented my leaving the ranks where I had been

"A puir but honest sodger."

The dis-embarkation of the 71st created no small commotion at the pier of Granton, for many of its members belonged to, or about, Edinburgh,

so that fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, crowded there anxious to again get a sight of, and press to their bosoms, sons and brothers who had been so long in the great land. (Five days afterwards, in the old castle of Edinburgh, I had the unfeigned pleasure of pressing my aged mother to my bosom. Poor body! At first she hardly knew her bronzed-faced son, but I had not the least difficulty in tracing the well-remembered features of former years. I at once knew the music of that dear tongue which was wont to instil into my soul the principles of love and self-respect, long years ere I thought of becoming a wanderer in foreign lands, or to mingle in the soul-stirring strife of modern warfare.)

Each was more enthusiastic than another to show their "love of country" on their first stepping on shore, and one high-spirited young fellow (Jamie MacTavish), who was an ardent admirer of everything belonging to Scotland, actually knelt down and kissed his mother earth after planting his feet on the soil of Scotia's classic stand. After the regiment was formed on the pier, previous to marching to Edinburgh, I said to young Mac—

"Come noo, Jamie, let's hae that nice sang about landing in Scotland again."

"Well," says Jamie, "I intended no to sing that sang afore I reached my sister's fireside in the bonnie toon o' Stirling, but I heard the Cornel telling the band sergeant that the band wus tae play 'Scotland yet' on the road tae the Castle. Sae whan the band halts I'se sing ye my wees sang as we tread alang."

However, owing to other bands from the town and Jock's Lodge having come to meet us and give us music, we did not get Jamie's sang until after

he had been divested of knapsacks, belts, &c., and had adjourned to the canteen. He possessed a charming voice, and sang in a sweet plaintive strain the following song, believed to have been composed by himself :—

### IS THIS BONNIE SCOTLAND AGAIN?

Lang years ha'e gane bye, sin' I left my dear hame  
 An' the freen's o' my early days ;  
 But noo I'm at hame, an' nae mair will I roam  
 Awa' frae my sweet native braes.  
 Though ance on the blood-stained field I did lie  
 Surrounded by comrades slain ;  
 It's noo, thank God, I am able to cry,  
 Is this bonnie Scotland again ?

Is this dear Scotia, the land o' my birth ?  
 The land which did heroes produce ;  
 Wi' ecstatic feelin's I noo kiss the earth  
 That ga'e birth tae Wallace an' Bruce.  
 Oh ! deem me not weak, although I su'd shed  
 A tear on my bright native plain ;  
 For noo my heart rises towards my head—  
 Is this bonnie Scotland again ?

This is the land whar a fond mither smiled  
 Upon her innocent boy ;  
 This is the land whar a dear father styled  
 Me his pet, his comfort an' joy.  
 But noo they repose in the auld kirk-yard,  
 Awa' o'er yon bonny green plain ;  
 How happy I'd be, had they but been spared  
 To see me in Scotland again.



## CHAPTER VI.

EXPERIENCES IN EDINBURGH — THE  
GUARD-ROOM—WALKING SENTRY AT  
THE CASTLE AND AT HOLYROOD  
PALACE.

The 71st received an exceedingly warm reception from the inhabitants of Edinburgh, while the *Scotsman* devoted no less than five columns of its sheet to detail the brilliant deeds achieved by the regiment on many a bloody battle-field. A few days after being settled down furloughs were granted to all those who had returned from India. Two hundred went off at a time, thus giving us all an opportunity of re-visiting the scenes of our youth, ere duty should once more call us to some distant land. The summer of 1865 was indeed a pleasant one to us dwellers in the Castle, as cheap excursion trains were almost daily arriving with multitudes from different parts of the country. Consequently the Castle was often crowded with "honest lads and bonnie lasses," each enquiring after "oor Jock, Tam, Jim, or Pete." This together with the temptations and charms of Auld Reekie proved too much for the wavering resolutions of many of us red-coats, the result being that many of us neglected to answer our names at Tattoo Roll Call. In this position I found myself twice during my short tour of duty there, and returning one morning after one of these occasions



to the Castle I met an old friend (Mankey Bouffe) in a similar predicament wending his way homewards as merry as a lark.

"Weel, my old boy," says Mankey, "absent like mysel'. Hoo can we manage tae get a wet afore we gang intae the Castle."

"Hoo long is't since yer last drunk, Mankey."

"Eighteen months."

"Oh! you're sure tae be admonished the morn."

"Aye, oor guid Cornel is dealing very leniently towards us refractory sodgers, but I was absent last nicht an' got admonished the day already, sae I canna expect a chance the morn. But it's a puir heart that disna rejoice sometimes.

I was absent last nicht an' I'm absent again,  
I've lost my shako in the wind an' the rain;  
I'll get a court martial the morn, I know,  
When up afore the Cornel puir Mankey maun go.

I tore my new tunic in Mill's Court yes'treen,  
An' lost my blue bannet in fechtin' wi' Jean;  
An' my bonnie war medal for service abroad  
Is popped i' the Coogate wi' Larry O'Dod.

What dae ye think o' that for a sang? That entirely flings oor regimental poet intae the shade."

"Weel," said I, "there's a'e thing strongly recommends it tae my heart, an' that's its truthfulness," for at this time our friend Mankey was minus his head dress, while his tunic showed plainly he could fight in other places as well as the Pass of Umbeyla.

"I ha'e nae desire," says Mankey again, "tae gang intae the Castle afore I get a glass o' spirits. Sergeant Weston is for the regimental guard the day, I believe, sae I'll hae nae chance o' getting a smell after he gets me within his clutches."

"Weel, Mankey, in a little time Raeburn's 'll be open, when we'll ha'e an opportunity o' drinking a health tae the bonnie lassies o' Edinburgh."

"I'm getting tired o' Edinburgh ; I wish we got the route for some ither station, ane that would present less temptation tae the sodger ; for it being my native toon, an' my auld companions sae numerous, I ha'e a hard time o't tae keep free o' the commanding officer's table."

"Nothing easier, Mankey. Just turn your back on the gay blandishments of Edinburgh. Resolve to keep inside the Castle instead of nightly singing o'er the sparkling glass, and you'll soon see yourself in the respectable position you occupied in India as a non-commissioned officer. I know, my dear Mankey, that the temptations of all our large cities are anything but favourable to a soldier ; and while we are stationed at home, whether it be in Edinburgh, Dublin, or London, we will have the very same presented before our eyes."

"True, my old sodger ; but lat a red-coat be seen but ance on the public streets in a state o' intoxication, and he's considered no fit tae associate wi' the civil portion o' the community."

"What nonsense ye speak, Mankey. Are you not just after leaving a social bacchanalian band of brothers down the street there ?"

"Yes, I left *them* happy enough, but they've nae commanding officer tae confront and hear the doom pronounced o' seven days in the cells an' ten confined tae barracks, for appearing drunk on the streets."

"No, but they can get fined in ten shillings, besides running the risk of losing their employment."

"I grant a' that ; but yet the folks o' this country ha'e a strange way o' showing their respect for the defenders o' their country."

"Mankey, I'm proud o' the coat that I wear. I am prouder still of the distinguished regiment of which I am but a very humble member."

"Halt there, my callan. I yield tae nae man in admiration o' the great an' mighty warlike deeds that ha'e been accomplished by the Hielan' Licht Infantry. But tae be ca'd a loafer by an ignorant clod-hopper is maist mair than the spirit o' Mankey Bouffe can bear."

"Such characters you ought to shun and treat with contempt. The British soldier who respects himself will be upheld by all good and honest men ; and why be down-hearted, Mankey, we are but young soldiers yet. Although you have already fought in two campaigns, you might yet have to meet another foe on the plains of Europe. In all probability we'll have to wander in foreign lands again, and as we have chosen the army as our home let us make it as happy and as comfortable as we can. The 71st shall be our home for many years to come."

Mankey and I having by this time cleared the cobwebs from our throats, had to wend our way to barracks, where the sergeant of the guard provided us with quarters anything but congenial to our feelings, and where Mankey diverted the whole guard by singing to the air of "The Campbells are coming,"

#### THE SEVENTY AN' ONE.

From the Grenadier Guards to the Hundred and Nine,  
Distinguished regiments, that form the line ;  
I challenge ye a' to shew me if you can,  
A braver corps than the Seventy an' One.

*Chorus.*

Then hurrah ! hurrah ! for our country an' Queen,  
 We're ready to fight when a foe's to be seen ;  
 Oor gallant corps, boys, stand second to none—  
 Let's shout high the deeds o' the Seventy an' One.

Go search its old records, they prominently tell  
 Hoo the Glasco' heroes baith fought an' fell ;  
 The Crimean plains an' wide Hindoostan',  
 Resound wi' the deeds o' the Seventy an' One.

On many a sanguinary red field in Spain,  
 The Seventy an' One did bright laurels gain ;  
 On the slopes o' Vittoria the gallant Cadogan  
 Fell gloriously leading the Seventy an' One.

But time w'uld fail me, dear boys, to tell  
 The deeds o' the corps we a' love so well ;  
 Wha carried the day at Seringapatam ?  
 History exclaims 'twas the Seventy an' One.

In the year eighteen hundred an' sixty-three,  
 The Seventy-One were where the gallant s'uld be,  
 In storming the Craig Picket. Wha led the van ?  
 'Twas Colonel Hope wi' his Seventy an' One.

Noo let us, brave comrades, high fill up the glass,  
 In memory o' those wha fell in the Pass ;  
 Although they are sleeping in Hati-mor-dan,  
 Their memory is green in the Seventy an' One.

"Weel, Mankey," said Jamie Campbell from a  
 corner of the guard-bed, "only sing that sang  
 when you go before the Cornel the morn, an' he'll  
 mak' ye a lance-corporal instead o' gie'n ye a  
 court martial for losing yer shako."

"By the bye, Mankey, I heard you singing last  
 night in a public-house in Rose Street among  
 some Edinburgh Volunteers," chimed in Johnny  
 Soutar, a young private in the guard-room.

"Weel, what o' that? We of the army feel

proud o' oor gallant Volunteers. Should this country ever be involved in a European war, the Volunteers, in the absence o' the army, are weel able to defend the hearths and homes o' oor dear native land."

"An' hoo can man dae better,  
Than in facing fearfu' odds—  
For the ashes of his fathers,  
And the altars of his gods?"

"Mankey's inclined to be very poetical to-night; he must have imbibed a considerable quantity of Rutherford's stout last night," says Andrew Thomson, who was a prisoner in the guard-room for neglecting to take his dinner.

A military guard-room is rather a comical place, and the wit and humour sometimes displayed there would be precious to such military writers as Grant or Lever.

Many of my old friends, who occasionally visited Edinburgh during my sojourn there were surprised to find me only a private in the ranks, but I asked them to bear in mind that we had a great number of young ladies in Great Britain competent to adorn the highest positions in society, and that, though a few were required to form the Peerage, one was considered quite sufficient to rule the gigantic possessions of the British Empire; so our sergeant-major, with a very few sergeants and corporals, were all that were required for a regiment. In subsequent years I was promoted to the corporal's rank, but never felt myself comfortable or happy, as stern duty often compelled me to have duties to discharge that were anything but pleasant to my mind. At this time, however, the non-commission officers of the 71st were a lot of able, intelli-

gent men, well posted up in their duties, doubtless, through their teacher being one of the smartest adjutants in the British army. We hear much at present of a better class of recruits for the army, and no doubt educational ability in a non-commissioned officer is all very well ; but if he is deficient of a thorough knowledge of human nature, and of how men who are under the restraints of martial law should be governed, he can never attain to real success in the profession of which he has voluntarily become a member.

On the 20th October we lost, by death, Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Parker, one of the most distinguished and promising officers of the army. He had served for 23 years in the 71st, and had fought with it throughout the Crimean and Central Indian campaigns, and received his Lieut.-Colonelcy in the Pass of Umbeyla for gallant conduct in the field. He belonged to a fine old English family, his great-grandfather being Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, who earned such a distinguished reputation as a naval leader during the last century. The Colonel's early death cast a deep gloom over the whole regiment (although he was a very strict disciplinarian), for he was greatly respected by all ranks. His body was laid in the Grange Cemetery, his funeral being one of the largest military ones ever seen in Edinburgh.

My first post as sentry in the Castle was over old "Mons Meg," and I thought the view from that elevated position a most magnificent one, commanding a glorious stretch of the surrounding country. I could see my native hills in the "Kingdom of Fife" rearing their majestic heads towards a lovely Scottish sky ; the winding Forth rolling on its way to the mighty ocean ; fields ripe

for the sickle on every side ; and the city of architectural beauty and social culture lying at my feet. Language of mine is unable to describe "Modern Athens." I have seen some of the most splendid cities in the world—London, Dublin, Benares, Lahore, and Calcutta—but to my mind's eye they sink into insignificance when compared with the romantic city of Sir Walter Scott. While gazing on the charming scenes of my native land from the ancient Castle, I could easily understand the spirit which prompted the exclamation—

"Where is the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land?"

I was always happy when it came to my turn to mount guard over the old Palace of Holyrood, for while on my lonely post at silent mid-night my imagination would inhabit again its tenantless rooms, and I would carry me away back to the time when living men and fair women were won't to make its venerable walls re-echo with sounds of mirth and gaiety—

What lovely females have been seen  
Inside thy walls in former days ;  
Here reigned our beauteous Scottish Queen,  
The theme of many a poet's lays ;  
Oh, for a pen to write thy praise  
Like Scotland's Burns.

Yes, I have seen old Holyrood,  
Where Mary lived in days of yore,  
And where her cowardly husband stood  
While Rizzio's blood bestained the floor.  
Round her walls for many an hour  
I've mused on days now past and gone,  
When Scotland owned a Stuart power,  
Before a stranger filled the throne.\*

But we soldiers have no continuing city. We

---

\* "A stranger filled the Stuart throne."—*Scott*.

are like the tribe of the wandering foot and weary heart—here to-day and away to-morrow ; from town to town, fort to fort. After eight pleasant months in bonnie Scotland we proceeded to Aldershot Camp, where we arrived on the 19th Feb. 1866, and formed part of the 3d Brigade under Major-General Sir D. Russell, K.C.B.

Farewell, Scotia, land of my fathers, I must again leave thee for other scenes and other lands. Farewell, thou bright romantic land of love and song ; I hie me to other climes, but carry with me that undying love which every true Scotsman cherishes for the land of Wallace and Bruce. Land of historical associations, land of warriors' graves and martyrs' urns, land of heathery hills and wimpling streams, farewell to thee and the bright scenes of my youthful days ; but when far from the hills where I wandered

"In life's morning march when my bosom was young,"

many a weary sigh will I breathe towards thee. Duty may call me to mingle again in the deadly strife of battle fields ; I may find a grave where no countryman can shed a tear over it ; but while the Scottish blood warms my veins, here's a heart that will never prove false to thee.

Farewell to Scotland's pleasant fields and forests clad in green,

Her winding vales and flowery dales, where happy I ha'e been ;

Noo my heart is sad an' lonely, I let the tears doon fa',  
To leave dear friends behind me in Caledonia.





## CHAPTER VII.

### CORK—THE IRISH GIRLS—WOUNDED IN THE HEART—VISIT TO A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

I'm off to Queenstown early in the morning,  
I'm off to Queenstown before the break of day ;  
Give my respects to all the pretty English girls—  
I'm off to Queenstown a little time to stay.

I was stationed with my regiment at Aldershot, during the summer months of 1866 ; everything was quiet and peaceable at that large and important camp. We had our routine of guards and pickets to perform, and a weekly divisional field day in the Long Valley, which latter was always graced with the presence of the aristocratic beauty of England's daughters. When free from martial duty, many of us enjoyed ourselves in wandering over the hop-clad plains of Kent, admiring the beauties of smiling nature, or enjoying the "chaff" of the bar-maid in the gin palaces.

In November 1866 we got a sudden order to hold ourselves in readiness to proceed to Ireland. I was entranced with the thought of beholding that magnificent country, of which I had read so much. I pictured in my imagination the pleasures and enjoyment I would have wandering through that lovely land, where every hill and vale is immortalised in undying song. I felt extremely happy at the prospect of beholding the birth-land.

of Edmund Burke, the distinguished philosopher, orator, and statesman. I had read the works of Grattan, Curran, Moore, Lever, and Lover, and I had heard something about the great agitator and repealer, Daniel O'Connell. Consequently I longed to see the mountains of Kerry, where the great political opponent of Peel was born.

My regiment disembarked at Queenstown on 11th November after forty-eight hours' sailing from Portsmouth. When Ireland burst upon my view, I was highly delighted with the general appearance of the green island. We got but a partial view of the beautiful city called Cork, as we marched through only some of her streets on our way to Fermoy Station, but I could see that Cork possessed some very beautiful public buildings, and the glorious river Lee, which flows through the town, gives a very picturesque aspect to Cork. I once heard a story about a rustic Irishman who had paid a visit to this city. On being asked how he liked the appearance of Cork, he exclaimed, "Bedad, it would be a beautiful place, if it was removed out to the country."

On arriving at Fermoy Station I witnessed a most painful and heartrending scene, the departure of emigrants for the distant wilds of America. It was a sorrowful sight to see grey-haired parents with the tears flowing down their withered cheeks taking an affectionate farewell of their dear sons and daughters, perhaps never more to meet around the old cabin door again.

In the centre of Patrick Street stands the monument of Father Mathew, the great temperance advocate; but from the number of public-houses which abound in Cork I don't think temperance principles have made much progress

amongst her citizens. I could see men and even women reeling through the streets under the influence of intoxication. But still I consider the Irish people more temperate than either the English or Scotch, and for this especially they deserve credit. Ireland with all her squalid poverty keeps her maidens comparatively pure from the social evils so prevalent in the adjoining isle. Scotland can produce more illegitimacy in one month than Ireland can do in a year, and one reason I think is that while many of the ministers of the Scotch Church—at least in my young days—paid no attention to the domestic education of her daughters, the Roman clergy, on the other hand, are most solicitous for the domestic as well as the spiritual welfare of their young women.

Fermoy is a picturesque town, beautifully situated upon the banks of the Blackwater, one of the most rich and fertilising streams in Ireland. On the banks of this romantic river stand many of those round towers so famous in Irish story. There are also some delightful cottages on both sides of Blackwater. Fermoy was founded by an enterprising Scotchman named Anderson, whose descendants are still wealthy inhabitants of the town. It contains some elegantly constructed buildings. The Roman Catholic College is well worthy of a visit from those who love to view venerable ivy-covered buildings. On the south side of the town lies a beautiful amphitheatre of hills, from which you have a splendid view of the surrounding country; away in the far north you behold the gigantic Galtee Mountains in Tipperary towering in majestic grandeur up to heaven, while the green fields and rural scenery along the Blackwater form a prospect of veritable grandeur.

Four miles from Fermoy stands Castle Hyde, the noble residence of Lord Fermoy, at the time of which I write Lord-Lieutenant of County Cork. The sequestered walks around this noble castle are truly delightful. Nature seems to have furnished here a lovely paradise for moonlight, music, love, and poetry. Sweet lovers in such a nook could

Breathe the tender tale  
Beneath the milk-white thorn  
That scents the evening gale.

Fermoy abounds with not a few bewitching girls, and many a sly look they give to the red coats. The Irish girls appear to be fonder of the military than the civil portion of mankind. But with respect to the stability of their love, I cannot say much in their favour. I have known them to change their affections with wonderful quickness when a more imposing or persuasive wooer would lay himself imploringly at their feet. If a private soldier is paying his endearing addresses to an Irish girl, she gives him up whenever a sergeant presents himself for matrimonial honours. A sergeant, however ugly, has no difficulty in procuring a handsome wife in Ireland, while a young recruit would have a formidable task to secure the same. I do not mean to insinuate that there are no exceptions to this rule; but in all garrison towns where I have been rank and high pay possessed more charms to the loving eyes of the fair sex than the most perfect features of manly beauty.

After staying sometime in Fermoy, my company was sent to Tallow, a town in County Waterford. We were sent to assist the civil power during the election of a Knight of the

Shire to serve in Parliament. Now, whether Ireland is badly governed or not, it is not my province to say. I have been present at General Elections in England and Scotland, but never did I witness such a display of military and political enthusiasm like what I saw on this occasion in Ireland. The candidate who holds the recognised opinions of the priesthood is generally the successful Member.

The people of Tallow were extremely kind to us. Our services, fortunately for us, were not required, so we had little to do. The 12th Lancers, who were sent to Dungarven on the same duty did not fare so well as we did. They were compelled to charge the unmanageable mob in self-defence, when three persons were killed, Captain Kelly, harbour master, Waterford, being one of the victims. My company remained seven days in Tallow.

The country around Tallow presents to the eye of the traveller a dreary, desolate aspect, so we began to weary for our quarters at Fermoy. We were in billets, and the most comfortable of billets are never very agreeable lodgings for a soldier. Soldiers know very well that civilians don't care about their company, and would see them far enough before occupying the best rooms in their houses. I was billeted with three more of my Company upon a Mr Keehoe, a publican. When we received our daily pay (one shilling per diem) we generally spent it on drink, instead of procuring the proper necessities of life. Consequently many of us were anxious to return to Fermoy, where we would have the pleasure of regaling ourselves with good kail, beef, and potatoes, luxuries which we did not enjoy during our sojourn in Tallow.

Before leaving this town I received a deep wound in the heart, which put the strings of my affections in beautiful confusion. This fair one was the daughter of a tailor, and although she did not possess many of those prepossessing charms which are the distinguishing features of female beauty, she was a sweet, amiable girl, and passionately fond of poetry. One thing I believe that drew me towards her was that she happened to be the daughter of a tailor. My first early love in Scotland was the daughter of a tailor, and although I have wandered through many strange countries since those sweet golden days, seen many beautiful faces, and mixed with strange people, the image of that sweet girl yet rises above them all, awakening my recollections of happy, joyous days now flown for ever. Oh ! reader, if we could but enjoy the golden opportunities of life's young morn again with the same experience we possess now, would we not steer our bark in a different channel, and sail more calmly down the stream of time ?

The Irish, I found, had not a little of the mother wit for which they are famous the world over. I made a remark to an intelligent Irishman in Tallow about the want of gas in the town, to which he immediately replied, "Sure, an' what do we require with gas in a large town *bf Tallow ?*"

The streets of Tallow are wide, but extremely dirty, the houses are irregularly built, and the spirit of poverty seems to pervade the whole town. The ground on which the town is built belongs to the Duke of Devonshire ; but that distinguished nobleman, like many more of his order in Ireland, draws his rents from a hard-working peasantry, without troubling himself about the condition and happiness of his tenantry.

The Catholic Chapel is a large, venerable building. I am fond of old churches. They are a tangible connecting link between the present and the past. What associations cluster around an old Parish Church, wherein repose the sainted dust of many generations. During my short stay in Tallow I went once to the Catholic Chapel. I was deeply impressed with the beautiful service, although a part of it was unintelligible to me, being conducted in the Latin language. I enjoyed the profitable sermon, which was a plain, simple exhortation to the immense congregation to live peaceably with all men, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world. I was rather surprised to see so much holy earnestness characterising the good priest, and the humble worshippers so devout, after what I had often heard from the lips of Protestant clergymen as to the Roman clergy being a money-seeking, self-serving class of men. Nothing is more common in Scotland than a course of lectures on Popery by ministers whose duty is to promote the world's happiness. In declaiming against the Church of Rome, the Protestant clergy, I think, commit a great error. Thousands of young Protestants after leaving home meet with all classes of men, and when they meet with Catholics with equal intelligence to themselves, and possessed of the broad liberal principles of charity and love, they are very apt to have their own Church lowered in their estimation.

Many of the most distinguished men both of ancient and modern times, belonged to the Church of Rome. It can lay claim to its Drydens, Popes, Moores, Currans, and O'Connells, and many thousands more who have secured an imperishable

name in the world for all the virtues that adorn and exalt mankind. I yield to no man in admiration of my own Church. I was born a Presbyterian, and in that faith I hope to die ; but I have known so many kind friends and intimate acquaintances belonging to the Church of Rome, that I can never bring myself to look with hostile feelings upon that ancient and venerable communion.





## CHAPTER VIII.

### A GALLANT CAPTAIN—THE FENIAN OUT-BREAK—THE IRISH LASSES.

I left Tallow on the last day of the year 1866. It was a cold, gloomy, snowy day indeed. When I arrived at Fermoy I felt very tired after a twelve miles' march with a heavy kit on my back. The roads were slushy and hard to march upon ; but soldiers are the most uncomplaining men in the world. We were cheerful under all circumstances. While on the road from Tallow to Fermoy we enlivened our pilgrimage with songs, stories, &c. We halted at a small village half-way between Tallow and Fermoy, where the only public-house in the place was left minus a pint of porter. Our much esteemed and respected captain, Charles Howard, Esq., gave to each man under his command a pint of porter, which raised him a considerable distance in our estimation. The captain was respected by every man in the troop for his many endearing qualities. He belonged to none of your obscure plebeian families. He was a real aristocrat ; such an one as the British soldier loves to be commanded by.

The country between Tallow and Fermoy is desolate and barren. The houses which we passed on the road were mere hovels, and were very smoky in consequence of the fire being in the

centre of the house. His highness the pig, too, might be seen occupying a corner in the peasant's humble cottage. But notwithstanding the wretchedness of their domiciles, the people appear quite contented and happy. The Irish peasant is naturally of a cheerful disposition; and I never met one who did not have a "God bless you" on his lips when merely passing him on the road.

. I arrived in Fermoy on Hogmanay night at 5 P.M.; and when I got comfortably seated around a cheerful fire in the canteen along with my companions in arms, I felt happier than a new crowned king. My weary feet and hardships were all forgotten. It is a poor heart that does not rejoice sometimes, and I would blame neither soldier nor civilian for taking a glass of spirits to cheer his heart while contending with the bitter blasts of life's stormy sea. I have spent Hogmanay in various parts of the world, and I never met the Scotchman yet that did not enjoy his glass upon that festive occasion, coupled with the singing of the songs of home and fatherland. In Highland regiments the soldiers do not go in general to bed until New Year's morning. When the clock strikes twelve, the band plays up the familiar air of "Auld Lang-syne." Then what cheering, shouting, and hurraing takes place in the barrack-square. The band and pipes play at intervals our national tunes, while the soldiers begin the Scottish custom of exchanging glasses, and pledging each other's health.

Our commanding-officer on such occasions is usually very indulgent and considerate. He will neither confine nor punish, unless we are incapable of taking care of ourselves, and then the guard-

house, as a matter of course, must become the home of every drunk, unmanageable soldier.

New Year's day passes away in Ireland like any other day. Christmas is the great festival, in which everyone is dressed in his or her best attire, and all attend chapel during the day, but at night they conduct themselves like a victorious nation commemorating a great battle, such as Waterloo or Trafalgar, instead of observing with becoming holiness of life the great day on which the Saviour of the world was born.

I spent January and the two following months in the usual way of military life—drilling, acting as guards and pickets, and performing other multifarious duties inseparable from a large garrison. My evenings off duty were divided between "books and woman's looks." I may mention here that the Fermoy girls were very fond of the Highlanders. Some twenty of them selected husbands from my regiment, while a few others, I believe, clandestinely married.

We were enjoying ourselves in Fermoy pleasantly and happily until the memorable 5th of March 1867; when the intelligence flew like wildfire through Ireland that the Fenians had risen in thousands at last, and were determined to free their country from the Saxon yoke, and annihilate the British army, or drive it from the Emerald Isle.

Report fearfully exaggerated their strength. General O'Connor was marching on the city of Cork with twenty thousand men, and General Burke was concentrating a large force on Limerick Junction, while Colonel O'Brien had taken possession of Mallow. Such were the reports that came to Fermoy on that dismal, snowy, March morning.

There were only three companies of my regiment in Fermoy ; the others were out on detachment duty. So we all expected to be cut up and put in barrels, and sent to America, as specimens of the brave British army. Those who favoured the Fenians did everything in their power to create false alarm. We know that the rails had been torn up at Limerick Junction, and that the telegraph wires were broken in various places between Dublin and Cork, but we never dreamt that the British army was to be swept from the Emerald sod and give place to a new order of Government.

Really this Fenian affair, after all, was a silly movement. To think that a few school boys, lawyer's clerks, and counter-loupers, were able to overthrow the British power in Ireland ! The very idea was preposterous. Yet the movement assumed large proportions in my imagination. I had pictured to myself a brilliant array of armed men who were determined to try the strength of the British Lion upon an honourable field of fight. But when they confined themselves to incendiary proceedings, to murder, and secret assassination, they did not show themselves humane patriots, but despicable rebels.

Ireland should now become a contented country. That she has been long subject to wrong, no intelligent man can deny ; but the disestablishment of the Protestant Church, and giving the farmer a proper hold of his land, should help very much to calm and pacify the Irish. Was Scotland a contented nation when King James tried to force Episcopacy down her people's throats ? No. Scotland resisted to the blood against Episcopalian encroachments, and ceased not till she got a form of ecclesiastical government in accordance with

her own feelings. Now this favoured Church in Ireland, which was only countenanced by a few English settlers and aristocratic families, was a standing insult to the universal faith of the country. This Church of the few had no love nor sympathy for the Church of the many. I have worshipped in large Episcopalian Churches in Ireland where I have counted the worshippers in tens, while the Catholic Chapel in the same parish was crowded by an attentive, devoted, but poor congregation. By all means let the Protestant Church flourish in Ireland, but let it do so upon the strength and purity of her own doctrines and not live on the money which belongs to a hard-working Catholic peasantry.

However, I am no politician, and will never have the distinguished honour of standing in Parliament to redress Ireland's wrongs. I shall therefore say no more about her manifold grievances.

My opinion of Fenianism is simply this—The ill-starred movement had its rise and progress in America. On the disbandment of the American army, after the civil war, many Irishmen who had held subordinate rank in that army found themselves without employment. Perhaps they were unable to distinguish themselves on the battle fields of that mighty Continent, and probably they thought it would be fine fun to come over to Ireland and organise a rebellion, thinking by that means to earn that immortality which the American war denied them.

The leaders of the Irish Fenians were Americans, every one of them. If not born in Ireland they were the descendants of Irishmen who had left the Emerald shores for America, carrying with them

undying hatred of the British rule in Ireland along with them. But there is a certain class of men in every country who would not feel content under their country's laws, although they were framed within the portals of heaven. Oh ! poor Fenian leaders. In a few years your names will be forgotten, if even now they are remembered. Your grand ambition is to be known to posterity as the brave emancipators of Erin from British power. You would like to have your names enrolled on the pages of history along with a Tell, a Wallace, and a Washington, but Ireland shall be flourishing, free, glorious, and intelligent, when the name of Fenianism will be buried in oblivion. The great promoter of sedition in Ireland was the inflammatory newspapers which were spread in tens of thousands over the country, such as the *Irishman*, *Nation*, *Shamrock*, and others of a similar stamp. The peasantry eagerly believed every word written by the editors of these papers, in which the most glaring falsehoods were daily circulated against the British Government.

In dealing with Fenianism the Government exercised extreme caution in all their proceedings. Had they suspended a few editors by the neck as an example to those who were less to blame in detestable conspiracies, they would have done a good thing for Ireland.

Be that as it may, we had hard duties to perform while chasing the Fenians. Great battles have been fought and won on the Continent of Europe with less fatigue and hardship on the part of the victors than we had to endure during the few months that Ireland was in a state of rebellious fermentation. Still we were only chasing an imaginary enemy. While we were marching at

the still hour of night, in pursuit of the foe, I suppose the rebels were enjoying the comforts of a warm bed.

If Fenianism had its gloomy aspect, it had also a cheerful one. It gave to us the opportunity of marching into quiet country villages, where red coats were hitherto unknown. What the men may have thought of our appearance amongst them, I cannot say ; but the girls—dear creatures—welcomed our presence amongst them with demonstrative joy. We enjoyed many pleasant hours in snug little parlours with the charming Irish lassies. I verily believe those Irish maidens did their utmost to support and encourage Fenianism (not that they were rebelliously inclined towards her Britannic Majesty), but only that they might have their streets paraded by handsome young soldiers. Seeing that the Fenians would not give us an engagement, we felt very thankful to the girls, who were willing to give us an engagement for the natural period of our lives. Indeed, many an old maid who had resigned all hopes of ever tasting the sweets of domestic happiness, put on her most endearing smiles, that she might win the heart of some old soldier, and many of them were successful in their love endeavours. Many a lovely girl in Ireland would have wasted her sweetness on the desert air, if the Fenians had not thus indirectly provided them with husbands.

After war was over with the Fenians, and peace restored, my company was sent to Mitchelstown to relieve a company of the 6th Regiment, who had rendered themselves obnoxious to the Mitcheltownian's in connection with Fenianism. My company left Fermoy on the 29th of May 1867.

## CHAPTER IX.

MITCHELSTOWN — HELEN O'KEEFFE —  
PROMOTION.

It was a calm, fine morning when my company entered Mitchelstown. Joy seemed spread over the beautiful landscape as the golden rays of the morning sun fell in soft splendour on the Galtee Hills.

A feature of Mitchelstown is the number and beauty of her fair sex. The rustic girls in Ireland are, I think, more graceful and majestic in their carriage (because more natural) than either the English or Scotch; and I am free to confess that an Irish country girl has made more impression upon my heart than the most elegant, gay, and witty girls I ever met elsewhere. In every town and village I found some sweet Desdemona to put my affections in beautiful confusion.

There was one young lady in particular in Mitchelstown, Miss Helen O'Keeffe, who won the admiration of every soldier in the barracks by the exquisite symmetry of her form. Her beauty was irresistible. Her large, lustrous, expressive eyes were fringed with glossy lashes, a fine ruddy glow shone on her beautiful cheek, and raven hair braided and adorned her pure sweet brow. All these physical charms were heightened and intensified by her bewitching smile. It was impossible to remain long in her company without feeling the



warmth of pure affection for such a lovely creature. The beauty of her mind, which was well stored with useful knowledge, corresponded with her comely presence, and made her a most delightful companion. The sweet hours of happy and instructive conversation which I enjoyed with that fair daughter of Ireland will be cherished by me like a delicious dream of the past. Farewell, sweet Helen O'Keeffe, may you find all the happiness in this world which your goodness deserves. Meanwhile let me lilt this farewell ditty in your praise :

### ELLEN O'KEEFFE.

Alas ! we must sever, dear maiden, for ever,  
While tears like a river now flow from my eyes ;  
Since I saw thy sweet face in thine own native place,  
My heart has been nought but a fountain of sighs.

Wherever I roam now, far from thy sweet home now,  
Nothing shall come now but sorrow and grief ;  
Where'er I may wander, 'mong beauty and grandeur,  
On thee I must ponder, sweet Ellen O'Keeffe.

Thou art brighter by far than the pure morning star,  
And may sorrow ne'er mar thy passage through life ;  
May angels defend thee and blessings attend thee,  
And husband befriend thee when thou art a wife.

I must soon roam again far beyond the dark main,  
While my tears are all vain, thou young rosy thief ;  
Ah ! a sweet thief thou art, thou hast stolen my heart,  
And in sorrow we part, sweet Ellen O'Keeffe.

Mitchelstown is chiefly remarkable for its romantic situation. The buildings are in a rather dilapidated condition ; the streets wide and commodious, but extremely dirty. The town, however, contains two good hotels, besides a number of second-class shops. Its public-houses number over fifty, and a bookseller's shop is not to be found in the whole town. This state of things

says little for the intellectual improvement of the Mitchelstownians. The Galtee Mountains, the highest in the interior of Ireland, are situated about three miles from the town, while the little village of Ballypgreen, immortalised in song, lies within five miles of Mitchelstown. Marshallstown and Kilbennie are two nice looking villages, all within an hour's walk from Mitchelstown. It was near Marshallstown where the Fenian Crowley was killed. Poor misguided rebel, he fought with a bravery worthy of a better cause. Although surrounded by the military on every side, his indomitable spirit would not yield till a bullet laid him weltering in the Funchian River.

Kingston Castle, one of the most elegant of modern structures in Ireland, stands in the immediate neighbourhood of Mitchelstown. But the Earl is an absentee, like many more of his order in Ireland. If men of his wealth and influence were to spend the money at home, which they draw from a hard-working peasantry, there would be less cause for discontent among the rural population. The Irish people are waiting with tolerable patience for happier times. I have seen strong healthy men working in Ireland for six shillings a-week, while his fellowmen can earn eighteen in Britain.

Through Kingston domain flows the river Funchian, which affords excellent sport to the angler; many a sweet summer gloamin' I have wandered along the banks of that lovely stream, admiring the beauty of the tranquil scene. In the vicinity of the town there is a spring well which is much visited by tourists in summer. It is held in great repute by the natives of Ireland for its healing properties—the blind, the lame, and all

who are afflicted with divers diseases, come to its health-giving waters. It is called Saint Fainin's Well after an Irish saint. Nothing irritates the feelings of the people more than to disbelieve in the potency of its healing powers. I heard a story from the lips of a young lady about an old woman who once committed great sacrilege by washing her clothes in the Well. The holy saint was so enraged at this unpardonable indignity that he came in the night-time and removed the Well from its original situation, which was on the opposite side of the town, to where it now stands, and so carefully did he remove the trees, shrubs, &c., which surrounded it that no one could tell the change had it not been on the other side of the town. So runs the story which is implicitly believed by every one in Mitchelstown. During my stay in Mitchelstown I made frequent excursions to the Galtee Hills. To climb these mountains and behold the surrounding country is a great pleasure. Give to me the

Mighty mountain, purple breasted,  
Peck clouds cleaving, snowy crested.

During my sojourn in Mitchelstown I sometimes went to the Catholic Church, not so much, perhaps, for the purpose of worshipping as to see the pretty girls going to and from the church. Now, dear reader, you may consider me a very irreligious person to make such a confession; but in the beginning of these remarks I plainly stated that I intended to speak the truth. Now, gentle reader, be thou as candid and acknowledge the truth. Many a time have you not gone to church with more love in your head than religion in your heart?

The Rev. Father O'Brien, parish priest of Mitchelstown, was a good, kind, Christian clergy-

man, but if it came to his knowledge that any of us redcoats had had a clandestine meeting with any Mitchelstown beauty her name was called out in the chapel the following Sunday, and her conduct denounced in no measured terms. But Father O'Brien is a clergyman of the old school, and, I daresay, entertains strange notions about military morality. I can tell him, however, or any gentleman that wears his cloth, that soldiers are not the abandoned wretches which we are sometimes called. I have known the service to make honest men of civil rogues; but out of the great number of men who annually leave the army we hear of few of them turning out scoundrels and vagabonds.

The Irish have a good deal of theology in their mental composition. I have mixed among the common working people of Ireland, and I have had friendly discussions with them upon scientific and religious subjects; but I am bound to say I do not remember of ever hearing an Irishman give expression to atheistical opinions, such as I have heard in the large cities and towns of Great Britain. An Irishman will swear, fight, and drink, still he strongly believes in the doctrines taught by his Church. An Irishman, however exhilarating his spirits may be, never forgets his God, at least after his own way. Just pass an Irishman on the road. His first salutation is, "Good day" (as the case may be), and "Glory be to God," &c. Huume, Voltaire, and Paine are names unknown among the peasantry of Ireland. Long may they remain ignorant of that system of infidelity which has long tried to overthrow the moral government of God and to hold man irresponsible for his belief.

Being on parade with my company after returning to Fermoy, Colonel Hope, C.B., our distinguished commanding officer, informed us that he had received a letter from Neil Brown, Esq., the resident magistrate of Mitchelstown, apprising him that our conduct and behaviour in Mitchelstown had been most exemplary, and that the Highlanders had won the respect and esteem of all classes of the community. We felt extremely gratified at this pleasant intelligence, because some of the papers were loud in their expressions of disapprobation at the conduct of the military in other parts of Ireland. On returning to Fermoy I only stayed a few days there when I was promoted to the rank of corporal in Captain Lewis' company, at that time stationed at Ballincollig, a small village romantically situated four miles from Cork. I felt so reluctant to leave my old company that I had requested permission from my commanding officer to resign the rank of lance-corporal, but my request was not granted ; so I had just to leave the company in which I had spent several pleasant years and join a company in which I was a comparative stranger. I had to undertake duties of which I had little practical knowledge, and I was leaving a captain and pay-sergeant both of whom were distinguished by many amiable and soldierly qualities. They were both deservedly respected and esteemed by the men of their company, while the men themselves were everything that could be desired. No wonder, then, that I felt a little sorrowful in parting with my old companions in arms.

On joining I. Company I received a warm reception from the men. I found my new Captain, Robert Lewis, Esq., condescending and considerate

to all under his command, and the pay-sergeant just the proper man for his position. John Summers possessed the essential requisites for the discharge of the multifarious duties incumbent upon a colour-sergeant ; besides he kept his proper position in the company. He was just, impartial, and had a sound discriminating judgment. The men of I. Company I soon learned to like ; they were jolly social fellows, and lived in great harmony with one another. Indeed I loved I. Company so well, that when I had the opportunity of returning to C. Company I preferred to remain in I. Company.

I arrived in Ballincollig on the evening of 28th October 1867. It was a lovely glorious night ; the bright moon hung like a golden lamp in the midst of the heavens, bathing the majestic landscape with a glory indescribable, while the wimpling waters of the river Lee were heard in the distance, playing sweet music to the silence of tranquil nature.

How lovely the enchanting scene  
 Appeared that night to me,  
 When I beheld the flowery banks  
 Of lovely flowing Lee.

My leisure time was mainly occupied in exploring old towers and castles which abound in the vicinity of Ballincollig. One old time-worn castle I admired very much, once the residence of Brien Baro, King of Munster. The hand of time, however, had made sad havoc with its towers and battlements ; but still

Its majestic ruins are glorious in decay.

My stay in Ballincollig was of short duration. After remaining six weeks there my company was re-called to Fermoy. I left the little village without a lingering regret. I had formed no friendships among her people, and Cupid had stuck none of his darts in my heart.

## CHAPTER X.

## IN LOVE—SOLDIERS' WIVES—TAKING A PRISONER TO CORK—A MOST UNFORTUNATE "SPREE," WITH ITS HUMILIATING CONSEQUENCES.

When we returned to Fermoy it was the depth of winter, and the desolating blast was howling o'er the plain, making fields and forests bare. Snow was lying on the ground; the days were short, and the nights long. We had in consequence few drills to perform, and time hung heavy on our hands. The studious and thoughtful found employment for the intellect in our large library, the social and gay had their amusements in the canteen, while the lover of feminine beauty found his sweetest pleasures amongst the happy girls of which Fermoy possesses not a few. I belonged to the latter class. My evenings, when off duty, were invariably spent among the lassies. The result was that I fell in love—deeply, fearfully and desperately in love. The object of my affection was a tall graceful sweet romantic girl. She was what I poetically designated her, "the sweet flower of Fermoy." I had often fallen in love before, but it was all moonshine compared with this. The glorious summer of my manhood was a thing of the past, the fresh early feelings of life's young morn were withered and dried up, and still I fell in love. I exerted all the strength of my poetical powers to celebrate in song the

charms of my inamorata. Still her love was cold and phlegmatic in comparison with mine. Had our affections been reciprocal, I would have been a happy man, but the course of true love never did run smooth. I was like a great many more men in the world—fond of the courting part of love, but I entertained different feelings with respect to matrimony. Courtship is bliss, but matrimony often turns out a blister. The Irish girls abominate protracted courtships, and while I was writing love poetry and assailing her ears with amorous effusions, I should have been deeply engaged in matrimonial speculations. Domestic happiness may be very enjoyable in civil life, but after mature consideration I don't think that the domestic element should be so largely infused into the army. On the admission of females into the army, Government should be careful in giving instructions to commanding officers to institute a strict investigation respecting at least the moral character of those who are about to become married women in the army. A minister's certificate of character is not often much to depend on. I do not mean to say that soldiers' wives are the off-scourings of civil society. I have known and do know soldiers' wives who are patterns of virtue. Such women I reverence with all my heart; but when I hear a woman opening her mouth and belching forth the most obscene expressions I am covered with shame.

I do not for a moment say  
 That soldiers' wives are all the same;  
 The sun's not purer at noon day  
 Than some sweet wives that I could name.  
 But, Lord, they're few and far between,  
 Like tufts of grass on desert plain;  
 I would not marry some I've seen  
 For all the wealth that's in the main.



I may mention here that during my ramblings through Ireland I had a most disinterested friend and companion in the person of George Rock, one of the most manly and independent soldiers I ever met with in the British army. My dear friend and valued companion will, I trust, pardon this slight expression of affectionate remembrance, and forgive me for introducing his name here. Dear George, we have climbed the pine-clad hills of India, and wandered by Indus's rushing river ; and when duty calls us to foreign lands again, we will cast many a pleasant look back to old Ireland and her bright-eyed daughters. •

We enjoyed much happiness in Ireland this winter. Fenianism had entirely collapsed. The American element of Fenianism had left the country, and nothing existed to give indications that the malcontents were still fomenting rebellion. We, no doubt, heard of a few Fenian orators on the other side of the Atlantic, who were speaking high sounding words about the invasion of Ireland, the annexation of Canada, and the expulsion of the British from the American Continent. But while such braggadocios were airing their ostentatious language before American dupes, Ireland was enjoying the quiet and rest of peace. The peasantry were working diligently and perseveringly, while well cultivated fields everywhere bore testimony to the arduous nature of their labours. This detestable conspiracy was foreign in its origin. Once the immigration of its leaders into Ireland was checked, Fenianism died a natural death. Ireland's quietness this winter was extremely pleasing to us. We had no night marches to perform ; and our duty was regular and easy, which brought me to this conclusion, that Fermoy was a very pleasant town to soldier in.

We spent the New Year of 1868 similar to its predecessor—drinking, dancing, and keeping up the customs of Auld Scotland. At this time I received a letter from my brother, a sergeant in H.M. 92d Highlanders. They had just left Dublin for Cork, and he was anxious that I should pay him a visit previous to his embarkation for India. We had only met once during the past ten years of our military life, and then it was only a brief shake of the hand and a long, affectionate parting. Oh, how many brothers and sisters have parted with the sentiment of those beautiful words of the Irish poet hanging upon their lips—

“ Oh, well may we know, ~~when~~ this short life is gone,  
To meet in a world of permanent bliss,  
A friendly grasp of the hand hastening on  
Is all we enjoy of ~~each~~ other in this.”

Well, I could not but embrace this opportunity of seeing my brother. Accordingly I got two days' leave from my commanding officer, and went by the next morning train to Cork. On my arrival, my big brother received me with every demonstration of brotherly affection, while my good sister was very solicitous in her endeavours to render my visit happy and comfortable, and my little nephew, Harry, before I was ten minutes in the house, was pulling my whiskers (I beg pardon, reader, I am not permitted to wear whiskers, I meant to say my hair) in a way anything but pleasant, and calling me by the endearing appellation of “Uncle.” After seeing my brother so happy in his married life I was not altogether pleased with bachelor ways, and I thought there might be some happiness in domestic life after all.

My brother was fresh from Scotland, where he

had been on a visit to our aged parents—perhaps his last meeting with them on earth. They are now old and stricken in years, and he was about to sail for India's sunny clime, a land which in all probability would be his home for many years to come. He had many things to tell me about home and fatherland, and of meeting and parting with friends, much of which was very touching and all of it interesting. Although I am five years his senior, my brother counselled me against the sins and temptations peculiar to a military life with wisdom and knowledge becoming a Grecian philosopher, and winded up his well-meant exhortations with something about matrimonial alliance, domestic happiness, &c.

My brother and his wife accompanied me to the railway station. We took an affectionate farewell with each other, hoping to meet in the land of our birth, when our military wanderings were done. We shook hands warmly and parted—they to their quarters in Cork Barracks, while I went by the evening train sad and lonely, to my regiment at Fermoy.

During my two hours' ride between Cork and Fermoy I gave myself up to melancholy reflections. I took a retrospective view of the unclouded past. I thought on the sunny days of childhood, when that fair-haired brother wandered with me over the hills and glens of bonnie Scotia. I pondered o'er the golden hours when we chased the butterfly along the banks of our native streams. I thought on the changes and vicissitudes of our lives since those sweet happy days when we gamboled in frolicsome glee around the parental hearth. No clouds sat upon our souls. No cares disturbed the peace of our minds in those happy days. Oh, reader, we

all know what childhood's days were—one long unclouded summer day!

Such were my reflections. I was sorry in parting with a dear brother whom I might never meet on earth again.

"We grew in beauty side by side,  
We filled one home with glee;  
But now we're scatter'd far and wide  
By mount, by stream, and sea."—*Hemans*.

When I arrived at Fermoy station my old friend and companion, George Rock, was waiting to accompany me to town, where I soon got happy and merry. Sitting o'er the intoxicating glass my melancholy reflections passed away like the morning cloud and the early dew. The cares and trials of life were all forgotten, all anxious cares were banished from my memory.

"I sat glorious  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

After enjoying two social hours I wended my way to barracks. Next morning I was corporal for canteen duty, which is a very unpleasant duty to perform. I may explain the nature of this duty to my civilian readers. A non-commissioned officer is detailed daily by the sergeant-major, whose duty it is to see that no defaulter enters the canteen for the purpose of procuring drink, and if the corporal allows one defaulter to get one pint of malt liquor he runs the risk of being reported to his superiors by some officious parasite, because every regiment contains a few of such characters, who glory to build up a name upon the fallen fortunes of their military contemporaries.

Now comes the grand crushing point in my military history. I have endeavoured to be faithful in these wanderings, and I intend to let the

reader know everything concerning the calamity which shortly befel me.

On the 26th day of January 1868 I was called before Sergeant-Major Alexander Barr, who told me that I would have to parade in front of the regimental guard-room the following morning, and escort a prisoner to Cork military prison. After giving me orders relative to that important duty, I marched next morning to Cork.

On arriving there I handed over my prisoner to the prison authorities, which was all right. But that same evening I went out to the beautiful city and got intoxicated. Being in this condition I foolishly absented myself four days from my regiment, indulging in riotous living, over which I desire to cast the veil of oblivion. When I came to my sober senses I felt a little of the prodigal's shame and repentance. I would arise and go to my regiment; but the thought of confronting my commanding-officer in my present condition filled my mind with bitter and remorseful meditations. I will never forget that morning when I emerged from my degraded den. The morning was cold, gloomy, and black, which accorded well with the melancholy state of my feelings. I stood on the streets of Cork hopeless, helpless, and almost penniless. I longed, like David of old, for the wings of the morning that I might flee away and be at rest. But many a soldier besides me, I encouraged myself by thinking, had been in similar circumstances. I had killed no man. I had committed no disgraceful crime. Why, then, should I be afraid to face my regiment? Though dark despair surrounded me on every side, I plucked up courage, determined to wend my way to Fermoy, and present myself

before my commanding-officer. But although I had traversed most of Cork's streets during my previous visits, I was entirely bewildered this time. On leaving the city I took a wrong direction, and instead of finding myself, as I expected, near Fermoy, I was within two miles of Macroon, a town some twenty miles west from Cork. Gentle reader, conceive my astonishment when a policeman, whom I accosted by the way, told me that I was nearly forty miles from Fermoy. Here was I in a proper dilemma. Forty miles from my regiment in a cold January morning, while the only friend near me was a sixpenny bit in my pocket. My misery was complete; my despair was perfect. Tom Hood's melancholy and pathetic lines came rushing to my memory—

“ Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled  
Any place, any place, out of the——”

Out of Macroon by all means. It is wonderful what the human heart can endure when burdened with the cares of life. I tried to be as cheerful as the circumstances of my position would admit. I sat down by an old roofless house by the way-side and refreshed myself with a smoke from the peace-yielding pipe. Oh, sweet, comforting pipe, thou cheerest the heart of the humble peasant as well as that of the mighty philosopher. Gentle reader, if thou art a smoker, thou knowest what a great consoler the smoke of a pipe is when vexed and disturbed with the ills of life. Notwithstanding my melancholy condition I actually felt supremely happy and comfortable while enjoying my pipe that cold, dismal night. I dreamed myself in a dream, but not a dream of fair women

like Alfred Tennyson. I dreamed that I was in Fermoy, with nothing to mar the peace of my mind. But, like Alexander Selkirk in his foreign island,

“Recollection soon rushed me back to despair.”

Alas, poor Pindar ! you have been in some strange scenes in your lifetime, but nothing ever like this.

After reflecting on my gloomy condition, I saw no other alternative but to retrace my steps back to Cork, where I arrived about eight o'clock in the morning. Here I had marched upwards of thirty miles since the previous night, and still I was no nearer Fermoy. I was afraid to pass through the streets of Cork during the day for fear of the police, who might apprehend me for a deserter from H.M. 71st Regiment. So I concealed myself in a haystack during the day. When the shades of evening had gathered around my path I emerged from my hiding-place and crossed the river Lee, leaving Cork two miles behind me ere I drew breath. I had still threepence left out of my sixpence, with which I got a pint of porter and a pennyworth of bread, which refreshed me very much. The nearer Fermoy the happier I was getting. I was in desperate exultation to see Fermoy, although I knew well that I would be severely punished for my unsoldierly conduct.

I got into Fermoy the same night I left Cork at 10.30, when I went to a dear friend's house and got something to refresh me after my weary journey. I then went to my barracks, where I was received as a prisoner by Colour-Sergeant Murray. My court martial and imprisonment will form the substance of next chapter.

## CHAPTER XI.

## CORK—LAST VISIT.

Next morning I was taken before Colonel M'Donnell, the commanding officer of my regiment. He simply read over my crime, and informed me that I would have an opportunity of clearing myself before a court-martial. I could not have said one word in vindication of my conduct. I was removed under an escort back to my barrack room, where I had to remain for five days until they received an order from Cork, sanctioning my court-martial. The next day, word having come from Cork, seven officers sat in judgment on poor Pindar, viz. :—one colonel, two captains, and four subalterns. After entering the court-martial room, the president read over the charge preferred against me, which was as follows :—

“For conduct unbecoming the character of a non-commissioned officer, and to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in having at Cork, on or about the twenty-ninth day of January 1868, when on escort duty, absented himself without leave from tattoo, and until the evening of the first day of February 1868, when he returned to his quarters at Fermoy.

Signed, “I. I. M'DONNELL, Lieut.-Colonel,  
“Commanding 71st Highland Light Infantry.”

I had nothing to say calculated to extenuate my conduct in their eyes. Consequently I pled guilty to the charge preferred against me. I had now



five days longer to wait in anxiety and suspense before I knew the result of my court-martial, which had to be sent to Cork for confirmation and approval by the General commanding the Cork division. But lo, on the sixth morning after my trial, I had to confront my regiment and hear my doom pronounced in unmistakable language by Lieutenant and Adjutant Wilson. I was inclined to feel a little nervous, when Mr Wilson read in a clear tone of voice the opinion of the Court, which was to the following effect :—

“The Court is of opinion that No. —, Corporal John Pindar, is guilty of the charge preferred against him, but taking into consideration his previous very good character, and the absence of former convictions, now sentence him to be reduced to the rank and pay of a private soldier, and further to undergo an imprisonment with hard labour for a period of fifty-six days. Approved and confirmed.

“GEORGE CAMPBELL, Major-General,  
“Commanding Cork Division.”

Ah, me ! The morning after my sentence was read I was marched to Cork Prison in the same manner as I had taken my own prisoner a few days before. Indeed, I was the first prisoner which the prison authorities had received since I handed over my own. I had brought myself to my present position by my own foolishness, so the best philosophy which I could exercise now was to resign myself to my inevitable fate I had little difficulty in conforming to the rules and discipline of the prison. No fault was found with me during my imprisonment. I was promoted to the second-class for being, I suppose, able to command my tongue. The infernal silent system which is imposed on all prisoners is enough to drive a poor victim insane, while the harsh language

employed by some of the ignorant and uncultivated warders towards a poor prisoner requires a sublime philosophy to endure. During the fifty-six days in which I was confined within its gloomy walls, I felt like Giant Despair in the dungeon. My life was one complete round of unmitigated misery, but oh, what a glorious day was the 2d of April 1868. It was indeed a joyful day to me, when I emerged from my gloomy cell to breathe the pure, free air of heaven. When I went into prison Winter was monarch of all I surveyed; but now hope-inspiring and health-invigorating Spring was bursting upon the world with her odoriferous flowers and sweet songsters. The joyous lark was carolling forth his hymn of praise from the meridian sky, while the murmuring music of the wimpling streams and the sweet rustling of the waving trees filled and ravished my soul with inexpressible delight and pleasure, making me almost forget my late dreary incarceration. When I joined my regiment it was waiting orders to proceed to Dublin. So in a few days after, I took farewell of County Cork, the scene to me of many ups and downs, pleasures and sorrows.

Where'er I roam in future years,  
 Oh, I'll remember well  
 Cork county and her pretty dears,  
 Likewise my prison cell.



## CHAPTER XII.

## DUBLIN.

On the 28th day of April 1868 my distinguished regiment entered the capital of Erin, and took up its quarters in Richmond Barracks, along with Her Majesty's 72d Highlanders. After we had our packs taken off each company of the 72d took a company of my regiment and regaled it with bread, ale, and cheese, a refreshment which proved very acceptable to us after our long dusty march. It likewise showed a very friendly feeling, and that blood is thicker than water. The few months that I was quartered in Dublin I was very happy. I had much to delight and interest me in wandering through the city of Wellington and Moore ; and though we had a considerable distance to march to and from our different guards in town, duty was regular and easy, while the field-days in the Phoenix Park were always pleasant. The Park is very spacious and beautiful. For me it was a real Eden of delight to wander in the summer evenings among its blooming flowers and green trees.

Dublin contains some splendid buildings, but it wants the picturesque beauty which characterises the romantic city of Walter Scott. The river Liffey is a dark, muddy stream, and is of little importance. But the honour of having Dublin upon her banks gives her a title to hold up her head among the rivers of the world. Ships of

large burden cannot enter the mouth of the Liffey, but must discharge their cargoes at Kingston, a town on the south side of Dublin Bay. Sackville Street is considered the most elegant in Dublin. It is remarkable for its great width, but for cleanliness it cannot be compared with Princes Street in Edinburgh. It is, indeed, very dirty. The old Parliament House is an elegant but sombre-looking building; but who could gaze upon its venerable walls without being reminded of the great eloquent spirits of the old Irish Parliament. Ireland may well feel proud of her Grattans, her Tones, her Floods, and Currans, but I was sorry to see no national monument to the memory of the immortal Daniel O'Connell—the only man who spent his life in the cause of the Irish people. College Green, however, is well studded with statues of Ireland's famous men. Goldsmith, Moore, and Burke have statues in prominent places in front of the College, while Orange Billy occupies a conspicuous position in the centre of the street. Dublin, though not a commercial town like Belfast, has a considerable trade, and an air of activity and industry pervades the whole place. In the centre of Phoenix Park stands the Vice-Regal Lodge, the summer residence of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. It is a beautiful palace surrounded by beautiful scenery. Its situation, with its lovely green hedges and ponds enlivened with little golden fish, is very pretty.

But my pleasant ramblings in and around Dublin were brought to a speedy termination. After Fenianism had been extirpated from the land we reasonably expected to enjoy peace and rest for a season. No such luck, however. We must march again, although not to watch Fenians but an oppo-

site faction altogether—the Orangemen, a society of men in the north of Ireland who cost the Imperial purse thousands of pounds every 12th of July (the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne), to pay for the maintenance of peace in this part of Ireland. Last year we were hunting Fenians up among the mountains of Cork and Kerry, and now we must go to the north of Ireland to watch men whose loyalty to our beloved Queen has never been questioned. Strange country are thou, oh ! lovely Erin. When will thy generous-hearted sons learn sense, and banish that biggoted intolerant spirit which animates so large a portion of your sons ? If only you could allow charity and goodwill to prevail amongst you, your magnificent and happy country, I verily believe, would soon blossom and rejoice like the rose.

On the tenth day of July 1868, two companies of my regiment were despatched to the county of Tyrone. Our destination was the town of Dungannon, where we were to maintain the public peace until the Orange demonstrations were over. My company was one of those selected for this duty. The companies left Dublin by the morning train, under the command of Captain R. Lewis, and arrived in Dungannon at 3.30 in the afternoon, after seven hours' travelling by train.

The north of Ireland does not present such a pleasing aspect to the eye of the traveller as the south does. The ground is in many parts marshy and barren, while the hills are tame compared with those in the south. But the towns here are more lively and industrious than most of the southern communities. Many of the towns in the north are large, and rapidly increasing in wealth and prosperity. Drogheda, Dundalk, Newry,

and Portadown, through which I passed, are all large flourishing commercial places. Drogheda is a place of great historical celebrity, and is situated upon the river Boyne, where James Stuart was defeated in battle by his son-in-law, William Prince of Orange.

In passing from the south of Ireland to the north you feel as if you were entering another country. The people dress and speak with a different accent from those in the south. The north pertakes more of the character of Scotland. The inhabitants are largely of the Presbyterian persuasion, but the Church of Rome also occupies an influential position, which is easily seen from the great number of her elegant chapels. The young women are extremely handsome, their faces being very prepossessing; but their extravagance in dress is only equalled by the factory girls in Scotland. Nothing looks more unbecoming than to see a young woman dressing beyond her means and spending her all in external display.

“A weel dressed lass, I will confess,  
Is pleasant to the e’e;  
But without some better qualities,  
She’s no a lass for me.”—*Burns*.

Dungannon is a large, well-built town—the first of importance in the county of Tyrone. It stands upon an eminence, and commands a good view of the surrounding country. The town contains two large linen factories, which give employment to the trim lassies who flocked round us in sections when we marched up the principal street. The Captain having procured billets for the men under his charge, we got liberty to roam the town and see the lions; but the most delightful place at Dungannon is a splendid park, belonging to the

Harl of Ranfurly, abounding in green trees and grassy lawns. In all parts of Ireland where I have been, I have seen nothing to admire so much as the parks of the aristocracy, and the public have free admission to them at all hours of the day. Such a privilege is a great boon to the working-classes, who can there wander and enjoy a sweet relaxation from their daily labour.

The 12th of July being a holiday in the north of Ireland, the public works were hushed and silent. The girls were dressed in their gayest attire with a profusion of orange ribbons encircling their necks. The public-houses were ringing with hilarity and glee, and King William, I am sure, had his memory drunk a thousand times in a thousand different ways. Passing along the streets I could hear the Orange boys in the gin palaces drinking to the memory of their hero in the following language, "Here's to the pious and immortal memory of King William, Prince of Orange." I can see no harm in drinking to the memory of King William any more than drinking the health of His Holiness the Pope, but when opposite factions in the country indulged in such unrestrained abuse of one another as they do here, even going the length of committing murder in their sectarian faction fights, the Government should deny them the liberty of these demonstrations.

The people of Dungannon and Dunochmore, however, conducted themselves in a quiet and orderly manner. I did not see so much as even a plebeian street fight, but in other parts of the north of Ireland there were great rows, and in the *mêlée* human life was lost.

On the afternoon of the 12th of July my com-

pany was sent to Dunoehgmore, a village about two miles from Dungannon. Here our services were fortunately not required. So we spent the afternoon among the rustic beauties of the village. Mr Lyle, the resident magistrate, gave us permission to dance in one of his fields, and we had plenty of music from our piper, who discoursed his martial strains to the light fantastic toe.

Of all the nations in the world, Ireland, I think, stands formost in dancing—old men and women, young men and maidens, all take delight in this harmless amusement. But the country people don't dance in sulphureous crowded halls—the grass plain is their floor, the genial sun or the silvery moon is their candle, and the canopy of heaven the roof of their ball-room. We returned to our billets in Dungannon the same evening at 11.30.

I was very fortunate in procuring a good billet. My landlady, Mrs Megill, was the sister of the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh. She was extremely kind and condescending to the six soldiers who were domiciled in her house, anticipating our every want, and making us very comfortable indeed. Mrs Megill had an adopted daughter whose parentage was a mystery to the people of Dungannon. The story goes that one beautiful morning in the month of May 1850 Dr Dickson, parish priest of Dungannon, went into his chapel for the purpose of offering up his morning prayer to God. While in the exercise of his religious devotions he heard a child's plaintive cry. Proceeding to where the voice came from he beheld a young infant lying in one of the chapel pews. No one in the place knew how the little thing came there. Every effort was made to discover its



parents, but without avail. Dr Dickson baptised the child Mary after the Virgin, and May after the month in which she was found. And at the time of which I write Mary May was a blooming young girl of sweet eighteen.

"To see her is to love her, and to love but her for ever,  
For nature made her what she is, and never made  
another."—*Burns*.

We left county Tyrone on the 16th of July, and repaired to head-quarters at Dublin, returning to our regiment without injury to either limb or person. During our stay in Dungannon our boys had made some impression upon the hearts of the girls. After joining my regiment I could see letters bearing the Dungannon post-mark very often in the hands of the postman.

When we arrived in Dublin the regiment was under orders for the Curragh of Kildare. So in a few days afterwards I was drilling under Lord Strathnairn upon the plains of the Curragh.

The Curragh camp at Kildare is to Ireland what Aldershot is to England. Troops from all parts of Ireland concentrate in the summer months in the Curragh for brigade and divisional movements. The Curragh of Kildare is one immense plain, and is a capital place for manœuvring a large body of troops. Instead of the long dusty valley of Aldershot, there is a beautiful grassy bed bespangled with many a sweet daisy and fragrant flower. Our field days on the Curragh were very pleasant ones and generally under the command of Sir Hugh Rose. Many distinguished persons from England were often present to witness the movements under such a commander as the hero of Central India. Then we had many of Ireland's daughters gracing our field days with

their enchanting presence, and with their beaming eyes smiling upon us.

The scenery around the Curragh is flat and uninteresting, but the land is well cultivated, and the farmers in the county of Kildare are said to be wealthy.

Donnelly's Hole, at the east end of the camp, is a beautiful romantic place. It was here where Donnelly and Cooper attacked each other like infuriated tigers. But the sweet flowery dell in which they fought appears more suitable for lovers' gentle whisperings than the display of brute force.

The Curragh Races, which take place annually, create a good deal of amusement for the soldiers in the camp. The thousands of showmen which frequent the races with all sorts of sports make the course a lively place. The town of Kildare, once a community of considerable importance, is situated three miles from the camp, and is now a very dilapidated looking town. "Norah, the Pride of Kildare," no longer graces it with her fascinating presence. The town is chiefly inhabited by a few old men and women, who seem to earn a living by vending water cresses, milk, and butter amongst the soldiers.

The Curragh is a good place to soldier in during the summer, but it is extremely dull in the winter season. There is no gas in the camp, and candle affords but a poor light in the long winter evenings. Every regiment in the camp is supplied with a good library and recreation room, which is a great boon to those who love to frequent such places.

We left the Curragh on the 17th day of October 1868, and embarked at Kingston for Gibraltar, after being exactly three years and five months home from India.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### EMBARKING AND SAILING FOR GIB- RALTAR—DESCRIPTION OF THE ROCK AND MILITARY ARRANGEMENTS.

Arrived at Kingston on 17th October 1868, we embarked on H.M. troop-ship "Simoom." Being on ship's rations, we left camp without breakfast, expecting to find it and dinner in one dish as soon as we were embarked, as two men of each company were sent along with the married people the day previous—one of them a cook—but, to our great surprise, through some one's bungling, the beef was not allowed to be drawn until our train was in sight. We weighed anchor about 2.10 P.M., and were soon out of "Sweet Dublin Bay" and steaming down the coast of Ireland; but we roamed on board like ravenous wolves for nearly three hours before we managed to get a dinner of fresh beef—hard as iron—biscuits, and thin soup. It was, however, greedily devoured, and in about an hour we were served out with our porter and our tobacco—a great many of the restrictions on smoking being relaxed. As darkness began to creep over us we were served out with hammocks, but finding mine improperly strapped up I took the ground for safety with my blanket wrapt around me. I found this better than I had done the preceding night, as, owing to our beds and bedding having been taken in from us previously, we were left with nothing but the bed-irons to lie upon.

As soon as rouse sounded (6 A.M.) next morning I betook myself to deck and found neither land nor sail in sight—nothing but sickness on every side—each one seemingly worse than his neighbour, and the whole of the women *hors de combat*, but I was as brisk as anyone was fit to be myself. This was as beautiful a day as I ever beheld, and yet the ship pitched and rolled fearfully, although I have often seen my own Forth much more angry than the wide ocean then was. At 10 A.M. we were formed four deep on the poop for church parade, where one of our captains read the lessons for the day, but only about ten minutes had passed when we were dismissed—not over three-score, I daresay, having heard a word, and few even of these understanding the Episcopalian service, as most of us had been brought up in the simple Presbyterian form of worship. We were piped to dinner at noon, but precious few put in an appearance, all preferring to lie on deck like a flock of sheep, with scarcely a passage to be found amongst them. . . .

At rouse sounding on the 20th I got on deck, after a good comfortable night's rest, and found the coast of Spain in sight—Capes Ortegal and Finistere. Great amusement was afforded all on board to witness the leaping and diving of a great shoal of porpoises that had gathered around us as we skimmed along, hugging the shore. Being on watch at 9 A.M., and close to the quarter-deck, I had a fine opportunity of hearing the captain of the vessel read the service (which he did daily to his own men) in a most reverential tone, for he seemed a kind, God-fearing man, and was very attentive to his crew. The scene was impressive, with a marked difference from the one we

had on Sabbath, and must have brought serious reflections to many present. At noon we had a splendid dinner of preserved mutton, with boiled rice and soft bread. We got the latter four days a week. We were enjoying our voyage very much, as there was scarcely a breath of wind, and it reminded me of a pleasure trip up our own Scottish rivers. We were at this time also signalling to a large steamer about four or five miles distant, which many of us took to be a war vessel. During the afternoon they raised the fore and main top-gallant masts to make us look nice going into Gibraltar ; but nice or not nice, I did not relish very much seeing the poor fellows perched on the very top with scarcely anything to hold on by, and the ship rolling very heavily with the ground swell. What an enchanting scene I had at 6 P.M., as, seated on the fore deck, the vessel gliding along smoothly, I beheld the sea like a lake, scarcely a cloud in the sky, in fact nothing but blue over-head, and one of the most beautiful sunsets ever I witnessed. It was truly a glorious sight, and with the band playing in the poop and wafting sweet music over the vessel, one's thoughts were raised from earth to heaven—so enchanting was the scene.

By mid-day on the 22d I found we had a good view of both the Spanish and African coasts, with the Straits quite plain in front, and at 2 P.M. we began to enter them ; but I was surprised to find them much narrower than I expected. The coasts on both sides are very bleak, rocky, and dangerous looking. At 4 P.M. we passed Tangiers on the African coast, and then the huge mass which was to be our home for some years spread itself before us ; and the largest shoal of porpoises I had

yet seen were the first to welcome us to the Mediterranean. An hour afterwards we were slowly gliding in towards the New Mole, but all, except those on watch, were kept below to be out of the sailors' road. About 6.30 they allowed us on deck, and what a scene burst upon our view. It was just after sunset, with a beautiful crescent moon shining brilliantly; we were close in to the pier, and the huge mass of rock rose straight above us. The side we lay next (the west) was of a sloping nature, and the town lay at the bottom of the north-west corner.

Next morning (the 23d) we were all on the move as early as four o'clock to get out the baggage, and a hazardous job it was to disembark it on a narrow pier in a very dark morning, but it was ultimately managed, and the officers' baggage and the married people were packed off by nine, after which about one-half of the regiment indulged in a good bathe at the end of the pier. We disembarked at 1 P.M., and had a long march through the whole town. This was a most wearisome job, being a continual up-hill down-dale walk until we reached the North Front, where we were encamped in double tents, with eight in each, until the 29th. The 74th, being in barracks in town, were ready to receive us with open arms, but as our camping ground was outside the gates of the fortress, and these shut every evening at sunset, it was entirely out of our power to have a jollification with them in their barracks. To make amends, however, they had an abundant supply of porter, biscuits, and Stilton cheese awaiting us, so that the tea (without bread) served out to us about five o'clock received only a very scant amount of attention, every one being too much taken up with their new

quarters and their old acquaintances in the 74th. This North Front on which we were encamped is a piece of level sandy ground forming an isthmus between the Rock and Spain. The only buildings erected thereon are—A pretty large iron-foundry, belonging to an English firm of the name of Hayes & Son; a few boat-building sheds; the wash-house for cleaning the military bedding, &c.; and the garrison slaughter-houses. Here also are the garrison and Jewish cemeteries, together with a pretty large vegetable garden, while at the back of the latter are the ball-firing ranges (facing east), and on the ground composing these the weekly “field days” are held when the weather is favourable. The main road from Spain, running close past the tents, was in a perfect turmoil of traffic from morning gun-fire till retreat, mules and donkeys laden with all kinds of merchandise, but principally fruit, huddling and jostling each other in their anxiety to be first inside the fortress, and one could not help wondering where purchasers could be found for such quantities as daily passed us. Fruit was sold to us too at a mere nothing, as many as 6 or 8 good sweet oranges being purchased for a penny; a large bunch of grapes for the same money, and a water melon of the size of a reasonable cheese for twopence. This piece of ground must have been, at sometime or another, quietly taken from the Spaniards to form a recreation ground for the inhabitants of Gibraltar, as a good carriage drive surrounds it, and the grasping nature of the British Government would not allow them to stop here; but a piece of ground further north, of about half a mile in breadth and stretching from beach to beach east and west, must needs be called “neutral ground,” and so neither of the countrys’

own, but we could see the Spanish soldiers from the neighbouring town of Lena at exercise upon it, though since then further restrictions have been placed upon it, so that neither their troops nor ours can use it for any purpose whatever. Our sentries on the lines could also see theirs walking on their posts on the opposite side of this ground, but, in the present peaceful attitude of the two nations, their principal duty is an outlook for smugglers, of whom there is no lack. We could also see the hills of Spain rising in the distance, where the charcoal burners' fire shone brightly through the dark night, with the "Queen of Spain's chair" towering high above them all; but across this neutral ground no private soldier of the British army is permitted to set his foot or to touch the soil where the Spanish champion

"Bowed his crested head  
And tamed his heart of fire."

Non-commissioned officers are granted this indulgence, and when the bull fights at San Roque or Algiceras take place it is greatly taken advantage of by them, but the roving propensities of the private or his incapability to take care of himself when beyond the control of military discipline renders him unsafe to be trusted there. It is stated that the privilege was granted them also until somewhere about the time of the Crimean war, when some militia regiment then stationed there committed so much outrage, disgracing themselves and their country, that the indulgence was withdrawn, but I cannot see that this ought to be deemed sufficient cause for "visiting the sins of their fathers" upon the soldiers of the present day. Without any disrespect towards the non-commissioned officers of the British Army,



I must here honestly state that for intelligence, sobriety, and zeal for the service, there are many in the ranks equal if not superior to the great body of the non-commissioned. Clergymen, physicians, and lawyers have even served as privates in the ranks, and I myself have had for a comrade one who in his better days held Her Majesty's commission as an officer in her army. Anxious as I often was, therefore, to be able to say I had been in that land where so many of my brave countrymen found a grave in the beginning of this century, this restriction prevented me, and I had to content myself with hunting up the historic corners of the Rock itself, and yet after a stay of 4½ years there I am compelled to say that I feel confident I was never able to trace all the nooks and crannies in it.

We remained under canvas until the 29th, when the 2-15th having taken up our quarters on board the "Simoom" for passage home, we got into the Europa and Buena Vista Barracks, situated pretty high up in the south-west corner, and considered the most healthy; but we would never have believed such a stretch of road could be found in so small a place, and we were tired enough by the time we reached our destination. Still we were doubly thankful to once more have a firm roof over our heads, and a good comfortable bed to rest our weary limbs upon. In our march through town, I was greatly taken with the appearance of its inhabitants, as the motley group reminded me of the streets of Calcutta—Jews, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Arabs, French, Spaniards. In fact every nation of the earth except China and Japan seemed to have representatives here arrayed in all

the fantastic dresses of their own countries. The women, too, wear no covering for the head save a veil which surprised me much seeing the sun was so hot.

Gibraltar, I need not say, is a place of great natural as well as artificial strength. The guns now mounted on the different batteries surrounding it are quite able to keep any fleet out of the bay.

Oh ! famous Gib, historic rock,  
While thy big guns look o'er the main,  
Thou can'st withstand the combined shock  
Of Russia, Austria, France, and Spain.

Harmless is the power of Spain  
To injure thy exalted brow ;  
Erect thy head in proud disdain  
For thou art impregnable now.

Where is the nation that would dare  
To 'siege a giant rock like thee ?  
Thou'd blow its armies in the air,  
And sink its fleets beneath the sea.

The buildings on the Rock have but little pretensions to architectural beauty, the only ones aiming at that being the English Cathedral and a Roman Catholic Church in the south district. The houses generally are built of brick, mere shells, and like all Eastern towns flat-roofed with tanks built in each to collect and retain their water supply. This used to be their only source, but during our stay an abundant spring was discovered at the North Front, and a huge engine for pumping this flow therefrom and forcing it into the town was erected by English workmen. The opening ceremony of the works caused quite a stir, so that now at very small cost the inhabitants have little to fear from a drought or scarcity. The Scotch Church is a small modest-looking build-

ing which was erected in 1854, the Rev. Andrew Sutherland, at one time minister of Free St Andrew's, Dunfermline, being its first pastor. He died there in 1867, and was buried in the North Front Cemetery, a beautiful monument being erected over his last resting-place, and a marble tablet on the east wall of the church, by his sorrowing congregation. The Rev. John Coventry is the present incumbent, and is a gentleman who takes great interest in the moral and spiritual improvement of the Presbyterian soldiers to whom he officiates as chaplain. I believe he was at one time Free Church minister of Yetholm, on the Borders, and was wont to preach to our regiment when they were in Malta in 1856-57, prior to their going out to India to take part in quelling the mutiny.

I never entered that little church but the thoughts of better days, long past, would rush across my mind ; those happy and innocent ones when, on the calm Sabbath morn, I wended my way to the Free Kirk o' bonnie Glenvale. I have been in numerous places of worship since then, where I have beheld forms of worship more imposing and gorgeous, but the simple faith of a Presbyterian creed has far more charms for me than the organ's solemn peal or the gaudy paintings and thousand candles blazing on a Roman Catholic altar. The simple song of praise and the pure words of the Most High as heard in a Scottish kirk must ever awaken pleasant recollections in the breasts of Scotland's wandering sons. As a Scotchman I am proud of my country ; I love her flowery meads and heathery hills. The very murmur of her wimpling rills is as sweet music as ever assailed mine ear. And not only is her

scenery sublime and beautiful, her sons are brave and gallant, and have often made a glorious stand in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Every Scotchman must feel proud of his country's noble history, its rich traditions, and romantic poetry, and his heart must warm with sympathetic affection towards the land that gave him birth. We have no cause to be ashamed of our glorious Presbyterian Church. It has been principally through her teaching that her sons have risen to such positions of respectability, honour, and trust throughout the world. The same faithful preaching, the same holy earnestness, characterises the Scottish clergy in every land. Whether on the banks of heathen rivers, or midst the ruins of Hindoo temples, the Scottish minister can make us feel the hallowing influences of a Scottish Sabbath home.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

After being located in barracks we had to settle down to the different duties incumbent upon us in our post which we found to be no sinecure. They were far more weighty than those that had been imposed upon us during our brief sojourn at home. The gentlemen composing the staff of that garrison are thoroughly acquainted with their duties, and while performing their own, see that what has to be done by those under them is done to the very letter. In the midst of all, however, a holiday comes round, like an oasis in the desert, to brighten our lot. One of these was New Year's Day 1869. What pleasant recollections of auld lang syne are awakened in the breasts of Scotia's sons when their annual holiday comes round. If fate has marked one of them to be a wanderer on a distant shore, he is up and off on the wings of imagination to the dear old hearth where in fancy he sees his aged parents seated round the festive board; where his young bright-eyed sister rests in her little chair; or he hears a kind father or a loving mother yearning over their absent one, while his vacant chair is set in its wonted place. But what family hearth is complete? Death steps in and snatches a beloved one away; another takes to a seafaring life and makes the wide ocean his home, while a third mayhap seeks a grave with nought

but "his martial cloak around him." Still it comes natural for a Scotchman to rejoice and be glad on New Year's Day, and no matter what part of the world he may be located in, he loves to keep alive the time-honoured custom of wishing his neighbours "mony o' them." That too often on this day Scotchmen indulge rather freely in drink, I am bound to confess; yet their conduct on these occasions will compare favourably with that of their brethren of the sister islands at their Christmas festivities, while they have no religious obligations binding them in its observance such as the others have in theirs. They can enjoy themselves without being chargeable with hypocrisy, for it looks rather inconsistent in an observer of Christmas to attend his Church services in the morning, joining in the angels' anthem, and then wind up the day hip, hip, hurrahing, amongst a lot of "jolly good fellows."

In true Scotch style, who should be my "first foot" that New Year's morning but my old friend Mankey Bouffe, who came reeling into my room with a bottle in his hand, and singing the following verse of an old Scotch song—

"I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in,  
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in;  
The doctor cam' in wi' a bottle o' gin,  
I've aye been fou' sin' the year cam' in."

"Noo, come, my old boy," says Mankey, "an' drink a flowing bumper tae auld Scotland an' the dear trien's we a' lo'e sae weel. Mony an absent ane'll be mentioned at a thoosan' firesides this mornin', an' altho' oor seats are vacant at hame we ken brawly that parental lips are whusperin' oor names in accents o' affection an love—

'Round a cheery, bright fireside  
 Our aged parents will preside,  
 Far frae their sons a' scattered wide  
 On life's rough main,  
 Imploring heaven's power to guide  
 Us hame again.'

After dinner-time we intend tae ha'e a little Scotch spree. We're to meet in Jamie Dum-dum's, an' surely you'll ha'e nae objection tae join us, as we only inten' singin' a' wheen auld Scotch sangs, tae keep us in min' that we're a' Scotch men frae the lan' o' the mountain an' the flood. Ye ken a' the fellows wha'll be there--Bauldy Forsyth, Sandy Ross, an' Pate Tamson. Auld Bauldy is tae be chairman, sae if he disna gie's a sang we may expect a speech frae him. Wull ye come?"

"Of course," replied I; "do you really think I could refuse to participate in the enjoyment of such worthy fellows."

"Weel, twa o'clock's the oor; we'll expect tae see ye there punctual tae time," said Mankey, as he hurried off to some other acquaintance, singing

"Here's tae the year that's awa',  
 We'll drink in strong an' in sma',  
 Wi' Jamie Dum dum we'll hae plenty o' fun  
 As we drink tae the year that's awa'."

When I got tae "Jamie Dum-dum's" (which, by the way, was the wine-house nearest our barracks, the proprietor thereof being so nick-named), I found my auld cronies already assembled. Bauldy Forsyth was selected as chairman, and his witty expressions and comical retorts kept us all in a genial, cheery mood. Forsyth was a bit of an orator, and at times could make a few pithy remarks on the principal topics of the day. In replying to his election as our chairman he said:—

"Well, my dear friends, I beg leave to return

you my sincere thanks for the distinguished honour you have conferred upon me by asking me to preside over you on this particular occasion. This is the twenty-second New Year's-day that I have spent in the British army; and allow me to tell you, if I had my days to live over again I would select the army for a home, for my past years in it have been pleasant and happy, and if I have occasionally got myself into trouble I have no one to blame. Like all the other sections of the human family we cannot lay claim to infallibility; and we, who are bound by the strong, stern chain of military law, may even get ourselves into serious trouble through our being too liberal in our sentiments. But here at present, my fellow soldiers, we are free from the ties of martial discipline, and are met to enjoy ourselves as best we can at this festive season of the year. On this day, in all parts of the world, the sons of auld Scotland are in thought looking back to the dear old land where they were wont to gather round the parental hearth and sing those endearing songs of Caledonia which a Scotchman never forgets. Before another New Year comes round, Old Bauldy, as you love to call me, with God's help, will have returned to the ranks of civil life, where he will have to make a new home. Those who gave me birth now rest in their lonely mools on the banks of my own beloved Clyde. There are few soldiers but have an inclination to re-visit the home of their childhood, especially if any length of years have passed away since they trod their native hills and listened to the music of a fond mother's voice, but when I return to the scenes of my youth,

'I might stand forsaken wi' the tear in my e'e,  
To think there is none wha remembers o' me.'



The well-remembered features of former years are buried in the dust ; early companions are scattered up and down the world, and many friends of my early days are sleeping in the valley of death on yonder Crimean and Indian plains. Oh ! my dear friends, I feel a tinge of sadness creep over my soul as memory calls up one by one the lively companions of life's smiling morn. I shall never have the honour of presiding at your annual gathering again. In a few months the 71st will cease to be Auld Baufdy's home ; but remember, dear companions in arms, wherever Providence may cast my lot in civil life, I will cherish a warm remembrance of the distinguished Regiment wherein I have dwelt for two-and-twenty years. Now, fill your glasses and drink a health to Scotland's bonnie lasses. Although we are all old bachelors here, we still cherish an undying love for the fair maids o' Caledonia. We are not to blame for the small amount of the domestic element infused into the army. Of course we cannot all have wives in it, so we must just live in anticipation of getting a bonnie and a good one after our wanderings are over."

The toast being enthusiastically responded to, our Chairman again said—"Now, my lads, I have another toast to propose. That is, 'May honour and success ever attend the arms of the 71st Highland Light Infantry.' Since the embodiment of the Regiment, its reputation for gallantry and chivalrous deeds in the field stand second to none in the British army. And now, after you do due honour to this toast, I will use my prerogative, and call upon our friend, Sandy Ross, for a song, as he is the next oldest soldier ; but remember nothing but Scottish songs must be sung in our hearing to-night."

"Mr Chairman," says Sandy, "I was just thinkin' ye wad be wantin' a bit sang frae me, sae I ha'e composed a few lines for the occasion ; still ye maun promise to o'erlook ony imperfections o' my verses, an' I ha'e nae objections tae let ye hear

### THE LAND O' LANGSYNE.

Sweet isle o' the ocean, my soul clings to thee  
Wi' the purest devotion whare'er I may be ;  
Tho' noo I maun wander in lands o'er the sea—  
My dear fatherland is the licht o' my ee'.

In dreams I revisit the auld cottage door ;  
The wee village schule an' the bricht scenes o' yore ;  
An' though I'm wearin' fast doon life's decline  
My heart's awa hame tae the land o' Jangsyne.

I linger wi' joy o'er the days that are gane—  
The bonnie bricht days in my sweet Scottish hame ;  
Tho' here I ha'e beauty an' grandeur sublime,  
My thochts are awa tae the land o' langsyne.

Oh ! hasten the day when I'll hameward return  
To wander ance mair on the banks o' Cree Burn ;  
Though noo in the land o' the monkey an' vine,  
My heart warms still tae the land o' langsyne.

Bright hame o' my faithers, tho' noo far awa,  
Lang may the dear thistle wave stately an' braw ;  
The sun he will cease on my Scotch pow tae shine  
Whan my heart turns could tae the land o' langsyne."

"Well done, Sandy, you've done your part to perfection. Though many long years have passed away since you gambled in infancy upon the flowery banks of the Tweed, with a true Scotchman's heart you fondly cling to the beloved hills and streams o' auld langsyne. Now, Mankey Bouffe, I think you are entitled to give us the next song—something in a cheery strain."

"A' richt, Bauldy, but I doot much if ony sang o' mine wud be properly appreciated in an

assembly like the present. Sublime sentiments an' profoun' thochts are rather beyond the intellectual comprehension o' auld sodgers like you. Hooever, if I can in ony way contribute towards yer happiness by singin' a sang I'se sing ye a dizen."

"Mankey, your language is neither parliamentary nor complimentary to your friends assembled here, but I'll admonish you on condition that you sing to us that good old Scotch song, Callum O'Glen."

"Rax across the toddy, for my lips are as dry as Mr Dossy's sermons. Noo here's a sang that ocht tae thrill the heart o' every Scotchman. Listen tae this :—

'Auld Scotch whisky sweetly gangs doon  
Wi' sugar an' candy in Cammilton toon——'

"Halt, Mankey Bouffe, halt. Dress back ; you're oot o' the time entirely. If these are the sublime sentiments you spoke about I can thoroughly understand them."

"Weel, Mr Chairman, if sugar an' candy is offensive tae my compatriots I'se cheenge it tae something mair elevating in its tendency—

'My mither made a mutch for me,  
She thoct I was a dandy ;  
An' sent me o'er the Hielan Hills  
Tae see my uncle Sandy.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a man, they ca'd 'im Tam,  
His name was Alexander ;  
He catch'd a puddock by the tail,  
An' fried it on the brander."

"In the name of goodness, Mankey, what songs do you call these ?"

"Good nursery rhymes."

"But you've no children here to divert."

"Sodgers are maistly fond o' children, an' nane mair sae than oor worthy chairman, sae I'm at a loss tae understan' his antipathy against thae noble an' soul-inspirin' rhymes. I can look back through the lang span o' thirty years an' see my beloved mither danglin' my wee sister Mary, an' singin'

"Dance little baby, dance up high,  
Never mind, baby, mother is bye ;  
Crow an' caper, caper and crow,  
There, little baby, there you go—  
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,  
Backward and forward, round and round.

There's a rhyme for ye ; ye'll seek Tennyson in vain for sic anither."

"I like that, Mankey. Anything that brings to our memory the joyous days of our unclouded youth will always exert a pleasing influence on the mind of a soldier. It was only your sugar and candy affair I objected to."

"Since ye're pleased I'm content ; sae I'll gie ye an original sang calculated tae fling Sandy Ross's land o' langayne intae the shade—joost a few lines I hae penned in honour o' oor worthy host, Jamie Dum-dum. Noo ye can a' help me tae sing this Spanish sang tae a Scotch air—

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
An' bowls o' sparklin' rum ;  
Bring in anither reekin' pot,  
My bonnie Jamie Dum.

For this is New Years day, ye ken,  
We're bent on sport an' fun ;  
Perhaps we ne'er may meet again  
Wi' bonnie Jamie Dum.

Then fill yer gla'sses ane an' a',  
An' drink till half-past nine ;  
A health tae Jamie's lassies braw,  
I wush that ane was mine.

But I'll conclude my little sang,  
 I'll sing nae mair tae you ;  
 I feel my head is gettin' wrang,  
 I'll soon be mair than fou.

At this stage of the proceedings, seeing Mankey's closing words of his song were too literally true, with a little persuasion we got him to agree to take the road home, when

" He left us glorious,  
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

And we could hear his cheery voice, as he wended his way towards Europa, singing—

" I was drunk last nicht, I'm drunk the nicht too,  
 An' I've lost the ball o' my auld shakoo."



## CHAPTER XV.

## NEW YEAR'S NIGHT CONTINUED—MILITARY DUTY IN GIBRALTAR—HOW THE ROCK CAME INTO BRITISH POSSESSION.

After we had got Mankey on his way home, and still having sometime to call our own ere the bugle sound would summon us to quarters, we resumed our seats and continued the evening's enjoyment, recapitulating the stormy scenes we had passed through during our military career, and calling up the traits and characteristics of many an old comrade long since called to give in his account, at the sametime wondering where and how many of them were still fighting the battle of life; for I am here forced to confess that there are but few soldiers who keep alive their name in the Regiment they have left by corresponding with old comrades still serving. True, many of them do write as soon as settled down in civil life, giving what information they can as to the condition of trade, and how they have succeeded in obtaining employment; but when this has taken place they seem to consider they have done their duty and wiped off any debt of gratitude they may have owed a comrade of many years' standing.

Time wore on apace, and we could see the hour for parting fast approaching, when Bauldy said:—‘Now, my lads, let's pledge one bumper more to the Land o' Langsyne. I have been extremely

well pleased with Sandy's song, for it shows that a man without education or the means to mingle amidst cultivated society can be a poet. I think it was Lord Macaulay who wrote that 'before a man can become a great poet in an enlightened and literary society, he must first become a little child and unlearn much of that knowledge, which has, perhaps, constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority.' Now, before we go, I'll recite, for I can't sing, to you my farewell to the 71st Highland Light Infantry, as but a short time now must elapse ere I am domiciled in the Land o' Langsyne; but time or distance shall never obliterate from my memory the happy years I have spent amongst you all."

Auld Bauldy was greatly respected in the Regiment for his many soldierly qualities. His kindness in assisting a comrade soldier in hours of trouble made him a favourite, and when the gallant old man left, many an earnest wish and sincere prayer followed him to his native land, where, I understand, he is still hale and hearty, and working hard for an honest livelihood, and only too proud to meet his old comrades, as they one by one are following him fast to civil life.

Fareweel, my brave regiment, my heart's fou o' sorrow  
To part wi' the number I've worn sae lang;  
But I canna forget the famed deeds o' glory  
Recorded in history, an' immortal in sang.

I've fought wi' yer sons on the plains o' the Crimea,  
An' under Sir Hugh Rose on India's wide plain;  
Forgie me, dear frien's, if my e'en should be rainy  
When leaving a corps I may ne'er see again.

I'm proud to ha'e been in the Pass o' Umbeyla,  
An' shared in that arduous an' bloody campaign;  
When Colonel Hope—that distinguished brave hero—  
Did lead us tae victory, tae honour an' fame.

Fareweel, brave companions, sae gallant an' true,  
 Emulate your forefathers, wha bravely fought  
 On the fields o' Corunna an' famed Waterloo ;  
 Maintain at a' hazards the proud name you've got.

Companions in arms ! I hameward return  
 Tae the scenes o' my youth after years twenty-two ;  
 But cherished remembrance will keep my heart warm,  
 When I think on the bricht days enjoyed wi' you.

Brave Seventy-First, when wi' age I am hoary,  
 Perhaps you'll be fechtin in some distant clime,  
 Reaping fresh laurels on fields grim an' gory,  
 While I can dae naething but think o' langayne.

Fareweel, companions, nae mair shall the rattle  
 O' rifle, an' cannon, 'neath an Indian sun,  
 Arouse me ance mair tae gae forth tae battle—  
 I've grounded my airms, my life's battles are won !

"Now, my lads, the hands o' the clock are pointing to the hour of tattoo, and I hope you are all satisfied with our night's enjoyment. Let us return to barracks sober and correct, for the most of us are for guard to-morrow. I know my friend Pate Tamson here is for the "Devil's Tower," while I maun march to the "Old North Front" myself, along wi' Briny M'Mahon an' Dosey Crawford. Only one glass more, then, as this is my last New Year in the army ; so fill them up high and drink—

'Here's to our noble land o' glory,  
 Conquered yet no man ere saw ;  
 Here's long life to Queen Victoria,  
 Wha in safety rules us a'.'

Having drained our bumpers with all the honours, we proceeded towards barracks leisurely rehearsing to each other how satisfied we were with our night's enjoyment—the only tinge of sadness we felt being the knowledge that our New Years' spree with Bauldy were over. We managed



to be in and answer our names in good time, and found the great majority of the Regiment had not yet begun to think of winding up the day's jollity, while not a few were reeling—

“From gaiety that fills the bones with pains,  
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.”

Another thing that was keeping them in high dudgeon was that a field day was in orders for the next day, and that was thought by some to be taking an undue advantage, considering that we of the Scotch Regiments had taken up the duties of our brethren belonging to the English ones to enable them to enjoy themselves as best they could on Christmas and Boxing days; and though they had returned the compliment to us on this day, still the field day did not afford the least opportunity of “getting to rights” after the day's joviality. The consequence was that a few were confined for being “drunk on parade”—the least drop taken reviving the quantity imbibed previously!—while others remained absent rather than incur the risk of the weightier crime. These field days were no joke, and were the bane of our existence in Gibraltar, being, with scarcely an exception, held on the Saturdays—a day the soldier generally counts as his own after the usual weekly cleaning out. However, field duty on Saturday was considered the most suitable, as Regiments took all guard duties in rotation for the whole garrison, unless on Saturdays when each furnished its quota for these duties in accordance with the number of men they had employed with the Royal Engineers during the week, thus permitting each regiment to appear on parade. As I have already said field parades were always held on the North Front, so that the march from

the barracks we occupied to attend them and back was considered amply sufficient for a parade itself, but when we add to that that all movements had to take place amongst soft sand, in some places knee deep, and the ground at disposal being but of limited dimensions, they were looked upon with anything but favour, duty being preferable to them at anytime, and he was considered a lucky dog who dropped into doing something that kept him out of them. Still, were these parades not to take place occasionally we would have little use for a General and his staff in command, for he must do something for his pay, even though it should be the means of adding fuel to the soldier's too ready habit of grumbling.

One of these field days, however, occurred here over which there was no grumbling. It will be remembered I mentioned in a former chapter that we had long to wait before we received anything in the shape of honour or recompense for the Umbeyla campaign, but it came at last in the shape of a medal and clasp. On the 11th March 1871, on a parade of the whole garrison, the Governor (General Sir William Fenwick Williams, Bart. of Kars, G.C.B.) presented these to all entitled to them, at the same time eulogising the regiment for its conduct in the campaign in a speech replete with incentives to military ardour such as might be expected from the lips of so gallant a soldier.. To show that many still remained in the regiment who passed through that campaign I may state the number distributed was 194.

I have spent a few New Years in the service since then with merry comrades, and enjoyed myself to the utmost; but never has the band

played "the auld year oot an' the new ane in" but that one in Jamie Dum-dum's comes rushing across my memory, and I think I can still behold the genial merry face, and hear the happy tones of the voice of auld Bauldy Forsyth.

We had Gibraltar as a home for four years and a half ; and during that time I spent not a few happy days, but none more so than the one just mentioned ; and the day I parted at the pier with auld Bauldy was about the saddest one I spent of them all. Our duties were a regular routine from 1st January till 31st December, the only complaint—and it was a general one—being that duty prevented us having but very few days we could call our own. When we arrived there the garrison consisted of five regiments of Infantry, a brigade of Artillery, and three companies of Engineers ; but during our stay its strength was reduced by one regiment of Infantry, thus causing us to feel it heavier than ever ; but I understand they have had again to resort to the old strength. Of course, it must be understood that in a garrison such as Gibraltar there is a great number of men employed on what is, in soldiers' parley, called the staff—such as orderlies to staff officers, telegraph and other clerks, bakers in the commissariat, and tradesmen with the engineers—thereby greatly reducing the number available for duty. The rule, week by week, was that each regiment took all the fatigues in garrison one day ; furnished close on 200 men for labouring work with the Engineers ; another and the one following took, as I have said in a preceding chapter, the whole guards in garrison except regimental ones ; and when I say that no less than 220 men were required for such, not including those furnished by the

Artillery and Engineers, it can easily be seen the complaint was well-grounded, as it was but rarely we could exceed four or five nights in bed, and if not on any of these duties there was generally two, if not three, parades to face ; but, on the other hand, there were but few allurements to entice anyone abroad, as no such thing as a good walk could be attained, unless round the North Front, or a theatrical performance was got up by the amateurs of some of the regiments ; hence the only fall back was to listen to some would-be professional singing in a wine house, as you sipped away at their "black wine" from a quart pot, the contents of which could be purchased at sixpence or eightpence, not including, of course, the headaches, which were the sure consequences succeeding these concerts.

Gibraltar is, as most people already know, a little world in itself, and governed by military law ; and it may not prove uninteresting to recount here how it came into our possession, and the several attempts that have been made to deprive us of it.

During the war of the Spanish Succession, Britain aided Charles, Archduke of Austria, both by land and sea, and one result of that effort is our possession of the town and promontory of Gibraltar. The rock is one of a pair called the Pillars of Hercules, one of which is upon the African Coast and this on the Spanish, and called the Culpe, and rises above the sea to a height of between 1400 and 1500 feet. Its greatest length is three miles north and south, and its greatest breadth three-quarters of a mile. Every accessible part of it is defended by batteries, many of which are "casemated," that is made bomb-proof, and

so well are they arranged that the fortress is deemed impregnable. On the western slope of the hill the town is built, and contains about 15,000 inhabitants. But it is not from its physical peculiarities that Gibraltar is so interesting to us; it is because it was once the pride of the Spaniards, and is now the boast of Britain—notwithstanding so many vigorous and prolonged sieges—and will doubtless so remain so long as Britain can maintain a sufficiency of ships at sea to provision and garrison it.

In 1704 Admiral Sir George Rooke was sent with the squadron under his command to land Charles at Lisbon, which he did, and afterwards sailed to attack Barcelona. Having failed in his attempt he consequently returned to the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, where he was reinforced by Sir Cloudsley Shovel. On the 17th of July a Council of War was held on board the Admiral's ship as to what should be done, when it was mentioned that Gibraltar was then weakly garrisoned by the Spaniards, and, if vigorously assaulted, would no doubt surrender to the first attack. The whole fleet therefore sailed for Gibraltar, and arrived in the bay on the 21st. Immediately 2000 marines were landed on the sandy isthmus, mentioned in a former chapter, in order to cut off all communication with the interior, and the Spanish Governor was summoned to surrender. This, though he had only 150 men of a garrison, he refused to do, and declared he would fight to the last. Next day, therefore, the fleet was ordered to take up position to batter the works, but the wind blew so hard it was impossible to do so until the morning of the 23d, when the ships were laid with their broadsides to

the works. Admiral Rooke gave the signal and a brisk cannonade was opened, which lasted six hours, with such effect as to drive the Spaniards from their guns on the South Mole Head. As soon as the Admiral saw this he ordered all the boats in the fleet to be let down, the men armed, and an assault made. Capts. Hicks and Jumper, being nearest, landed first, and, though few in number, the gallant tars sprang up the ascent, heedless of the springing of a mine which killed two lieutenants and forty men, and in little or no time cleared the platforms and maintained possession of it till Captain Whitaker and the rest of the men arrived. On being thus reinforced, the whole body threw themselves upon a redoubt (now called the Eight Gun Battery) between the Mole and the town, carrying it by storm and driving the Spaniards before them. Next day the Spanish Governor surrendered, and our gallant tars marched in and took possession. The Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, who was present, hoisted the Austrian flag and proclaimed the fortress to be the possession of Charles ; but Admiral Rooke very quietly hauled it down and hoisted the standard of England, and declared that the British took and meant to keep it. Thus, on the 24th July 1704, Gibraltar fell into the hands of the British.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## FIRST SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

I have said that many attempts have been made by the Spaniards to recover this important fortress, the first of these being made three months after the British took possession. Then the combined French and Spanish army appeared on the neutral ground purposely to besiege the place. So determined were the Spaniards to regain possession of it that 500 volunteers swore by the Holy Sacrament that they would win it back or perish in the attempt. Having taken this oath and engaged a goat-herd to guide them, they prepared at dead of night to scale the rock. They managed before dawn to conceal themselves in St Michael's Cave, which lies half-way between Windmill Point and the signal station. Here they remained till night again fell, when they succeeded in scaling the wall and penetrating to Windmill Hill, where they took the guard by surprise, fell upon and put every man of them to death. But an alarm had been given, and a party marched from the garrison to aid the guard. A fierce contest ensued, the Spaniards were totally defeated, and 150 driven at the point of the bayonet over the rock, thus meeting a miserable death. The remainder were taken prisoners, and amongst the number were a colonel and 30 commissioned officers. This attempt having failed, a cannonade was tried, and

a breach effected in one of the towers in the lower wall ; but an attempt to carry the place by storm was defeated by the garrison, who inflicted heavy loss on the besiegers. Shortly after the garrison was provisioned and reinforced from England, and the enemy contented themselves with entrenching on the neutral ground, thus converting the siege into a blockade. The loss of the French and Spaniards was computed at 10,000, while that of the garrison was only 400. In 1713 Spain yielded up Gibraltar to England by treaty.

#### SECOND SIEGE, 1720.

Of course the Spaniards had not yielded up Gibraltar with pleasure ; nor was their king any better pleased, indeed he is known to have said he would willingly do much to pull out the thorn in his foot—meaning he wished the British anywhere but in Gibraltar. Accordingly in 1720 an attempt was made to take the place by surprise, which, however, came to nothing, as the garrison had become aware of it and were prepared to resist. In 1727 Gibraltar was again besieged by no less than 20,000 troops. At that time the garrison happened to be strong enough, with sufficient supplies, to resist until reinforced from England. The reinforcements arrived just in the nick of time, and brought the number in the garrison up to 6000. The besiegers threw great quantities of bombs into the place, which, however, did very little damage ; and the siege was raised after having lasted four months, during which the garrison lost 300 and the enemy 3000. About this time George I. of England would willingly have given up Gibraltar to Philip of Spain, but the people and Parliament raised such an outcry that he was



tain to give up the proposed arrangements. The dangers to which Gibraltar was exposed were not alone attacks from a foe without the walls, but also from mutineers within. Then, as now, regiments abroad were relieved by regiments from home, but the reliefs then were more uncertain, and the service abroad consequently was sometimes protracted to very great length. This was the cause, in 1760, of a mutiny in the garrison. Two regiments who had been long on the rock became discontented at their confinement and arduous duties, and formed a conspiracy to put their officers to death and seize the place ; but what they intended to do with it no one knew. As usually happens in most conspiracies, they could not keep their tongues from wagging. There were spies and informers amongst them, and their plans were soon known to the authorities, who immediately caused the ringleaders to be arrested, tried, and shot for mutiny. This prompt and energetic conduct put an end to the mutiny, which went no further, and the discontented regiments were shortly thereafter relieved. From this until 1779 Gibraltar suffered no molestation, but in that year was commenced the last, most determined, and most prolonged siege it ever sustained. For three years, seven months, and twelve days was it invested, and during that long time prodigies of valour were performed daily both by besieged and besiegers.

### T H I R D   S I E G E .

In 1775 England became involved in a war with its American subjects, which lasted till 1783, and is now known as the American War of Independence, and which terminated in the declaration by

England of the independence of the American Colonies. In 1778 the French entered into the contest, and sent a fleet to assist the Americans. At the same time war was raging in the East and West Indies—dependencies of Great Britain—and while she was so busily engaged in so many different quarters, Spain threw herself into the contest, fancying that England would have then plenty to do elsewhere without attending much to Gibraltar. The Spanish Government did not attempt to conceal that anxiety to recover Gibraltar was the cause of the war, and every nerve was strained in order to be successful. Gibraltar at that time, as well as at present, derived most of its supplies from the opposite seaports of Tetuan, Tangiers, and Laroche, on the coast of Africa, belonging to the Emperor of Morocco. The Spaniards solicited the Emperor to allow them to arm these ports, that is to hire their use, and this the Emperor did. It may then be easily supposed that in such a state of affairs Gibraltar was no longer supplied from these ports and had to depend solely on what it could receive from England. Immediately on the before-mentioned arrangements having been made, Gibraltar was invested by an army of 40,000 troops, 50 sail of the line, frigates, gun-boats, and floating batteries almost innumerable. For twelve months the gallant garrison, under General Elliot, had to sustain the full brunt of the contest. Provisions began to grow scarce, and they were reduced to eat nettles, grass, and in fact anything they could get, when, to their great joy, Admiral Sir George Rodney (who had been despatched from England for that purpose), came to their relief with a large fleet. Rodney, soon after setting out, fell in with a Spanish convoy of

fifteen merchantmen laden with wheat, flour, and just such other provisions as Gibraltar stood in need of. These he chased, captured, and took with him. He also met, chased, and took eleven ships of the line belonging to Spain off St Vincent, after which he sailed for and relieved Gibraltar. Sailing for the West Indies immediately after, for another twelve months the garrison were left to their own resources, and assuredly would have been starved out had it not been for the caution of Elliot, who issued the provisions but sparingly, and even forbade the use of hair-powder as he considered it a shameful waste of flour (hair-powder was then used in the army). In the beginning of 1781 another fleet under Admiral Darby was sent to the relief of the garrison. The Spanish fleet was found quietly at anchor in Cadiz Bay, and the Admiral sent on the provision ships, while he stayed to watch the Spaniards. They were not molested, and Gibraltar was once more placed in a position to resist. By this time the Spaniards had erected enormous batteries carrying 170 of the heaviest guns of the time ; constructed numerous vessels intended to be fire and bomb proof, and poured a continuous shower of iron into the place. Day and night the cannonade and bombardment continued, and Elliot answered, but when he came to consider that during three months his loss had been 1 officer and 52 men killed, and 7 officers and 253 men wounded, and that it had cost the Spaniards 10,000 lbs. of powder and 7500 shot to do this, he slackened his own fire to save his ammunition, and seemed to be little troubled by the continuous but aimless fire of his opponents. Gradually the fire slackened on both sides till quiet fell upon the rock. The Spaniards

were engaged adding to their works, and when they had perfected them Elliot thought it high time to do something ; so on the night of the 27th November 1781, after the moon set, a strong detachment left the garrison in three columns, and stole along in silence so great that they reached the works without being detected. The attack was so well planned that all three columns were faced at one and the same time and together assaulted the whole front of the enemy's works. The Spaniards were taken by surprise and gave way on all sides and the works were taken. No time was lost. Mortars and guns were spiked ; the batteries torn down ; the traversing platforms, mortar-beds, and gun-carriages overthrown, and what would burn was given to the flame while the magazines were blown up one after another. Meanwhile, the Spanish army stood gazing on the wholesale destruction and never attempted to move in defence of their works. The whole time occupied in thus destroying, what took the Spaniards many months to erect, was not more than two hours, while scarcely an accident happened to the detachment, and the enemy's loss was very trifling. The Spanish army having met with success in the island of Minorca in 1782, the Spanish king and nation were full of joyful anticipations that Gibraltar would soon fall into their hands, but they knew if they only stood gazing at the place it would not of itself condescend to drop into their mouths, so they made every preparation for its recovery. No less than 1200 pieces of heavy ordnance were brought before it, and the quantity of powder and shot was something tremendous, gunpowder alone being said to have amounted to 83,000 barrels. 40 gunboats, as many

bomb vessels, and 50 sail of the line were mustered to the attack. Ten great ships were formed into floating batteries, constructed so as to be bomb proof and beyond the danger of fire, being covered with a heavy roof of rope overspread with (supposed to be) wool, while throughout the inside in all directions were water pipes to extinguish fire. 40,000 men and all the best engineers from France, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland were sought for and brought to aid in the great task. Elliot was not idle within, though he knew little of the resources of the enemy. He distributed furnaces and grates for red-heating shot, and calmly awaited the course of events. But before the enemy were ready Elliot got tired of waiting and determined to provoke an attack, so, observing that the batteries on the land lines were nearly ready, he opened fire upon them about seven in the morning of the 8th September 1782, which he continued throughout the day with far greater effect than he had dared to hope for, for by ten o'clock two batteries were on fire and a considerable part of the trenches and parapets were destroyed. This provoked the Spaniards to retaliate next day by opening fire first with a battery of 64 guns, succeeded by a flight of 60 shells and a general discharge of 186 guns, all from the land side. While this was going on the Spanish fleet passed slowly in front of the works, firing as they went on the batteries till they passed Europa Point, when they formed in line and continued their fire, but it was returned so spiritedly that they were obliged to retire and repair damages. Day by day more guns were brought to bear, the mortar boats were now added to the assailants, and the floating batteries were towed to their stations. It was calou-

lated that at this time 4000 shot were thrown daily against the rock, and so completely was it hemmed in by this circle of fire that it was fully anticipated that the garrison would fall into confusion ; and so assured of success was the Spanish King that when he woke in the morning he always asked "Is Gibraltar ours?" and when he was told it was not, answered, "Well, it must soon be," and turned over for another snooze. Nothing of importance occurred until the 12th, when the French and Spanish fleets sailed into the bay. While the garrison were watching the ships a flag on the signal station signalled the approach of a fleet, and all concluded it was the British fleet in pursuit, but their hopes fell when the flag suddenly disappeared. It was afterwards found out that what they took to be a flag was an eagle, which had perched for a few minutes on the flagstaff, but this the garrison took to be a signal of good fortune. On the 13th a grand attack was made. The land batteries issued forth a perfect storm of shot and shell. The ships of war and floating batteries vomited forth torrents of missiles of every description against the place, while the surrounding hills were crowded with spectators as if all Spain had turned out to see the fall of the fortress. So terrific and sublime was the scene that neither pen nor pencil can give an abject idea of it. Suffice it to say, that 400 of the heaviest artillery were at work at the same moment. Nor were the garrison idle. A prodigious shower of red hot shell and curraoes filled the air without intermission and astonished the enemy, who could not believe that it was possible for Elliot to have a sufficiency of furnaces within the small space at his command to heat the

large number of shot he fired against them ; but he had caused bonfires to be lit, and the shot, &c., heated in them. I may here state that they jocularly called the shot heated in the bonfires "roasted potatoes." For several hours the floating batteries were found to be as intended ; fire and bomb-proof, the heaviest shot bounding off their tops, and 32 lb. shot failing to penetrate their hulls. Several times they were set on fire, but the water pipes were so well laid, and the screws so active in their use, that the fires were speedily put out. These ships caused the garrison so much annoyance that at last all their efforts were directed against them. At last, about two o'clock, the Spanish admiral's ship was seen to have caught fire, and one of the floating batteries began to smoke on the side next the rock. This caused some confusion amongst the enemy, and their fire slackened till it almost ceased about eight o'clock, but the garrison still pelted the Spaniards with their "roasted potatoes," and that so effectually as to set one battering ship on fire completely. About midnight another soon began to blaze, and shortly after six more, giving the garrison sufficient light to direct their shot with deadly precision. About three o'clock Brigadier Curtis, in command of the Marine Brigade, manned the gun-boats at Europa Point, and took the battering ships in flank. Almost immediately one blew up, and Curtis captured two launches filled with men rescued from the burning ships. Hearing from them that numbers were still left on board, he manfully dashed to their aid, and while engaged in this humane task a ship blew up close to his boat and killed the coxswain. He now deemed it prudent to return, as little good could

be done, and the danger was great. Eight more of the battering ships blew up next day, and the British burned the 10th, thus depriving the besiegers of the very means they most depended on for success. Nearly 400 were saved by the British from the burning vessels, yet it is estimated that at least 1500 more perished either by fire or water. The garrison suffered very little when the amount of fire directed against them is considered, seeing their loss in killed was only 3 officers and 65 men, and wounded 12 officers and 388 men. This attack having been foiled, little more was done to molest Gibraltar, though now and then the garrison got an alert, and it was shortly after provisioned and reinforced to the extent of 1600 men by Lord Howe, who caused the Spanish fleet to retire after a smart though short skirmish. The land force did little to maintain the blockade, but made themselves very busy in trying to tear down and undermine the rock beneath the Devil's Tower, but their works were soon made too hot to hold them. On the 6th February 1783, the Duke de Crillon, commanding, informed Elliot that war had ceased, and withdrew his army. Thus this long siege of over three and a half years ended; and, though the loss of the enemy has never been ascertained, the total loss in killed and wounded to the garrison was only 1231. For his services Elliot was decorated with the Order of the Bath. Gibraltar has never since been invested, and but for a slight disturbance amongst the troops in garrison, has remained peacefully in our possession. In the next chapter we will take a glance at it as it is at present, and must then hurry off to another of our possessions.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR—FAREWELL TO THE ROCK.

I have already said we were never permitted to quit the rock "on pleasure bent," so that, with the exception of the town or North Front, a walk to any distance could not be got ; still some even attempted the climb to the signal station on the summit, for the view therefrom amply repaid the trouble—a radius of some 60 or 70 miles being exposed to the view. The town itself, which nestles at the foot in the north-west corner, is not ornamental. It consists of one long street, with a number of small, narrow alleys running into it. At one end is the Alameda, a nicely laid out promenade with beautiful shrubbery and flowers. Each man has built his house with the knowledge that if there were a siege it would probably be blown to pieces. The natives, though a mixed race, have mostly English blood in their veins. There are exceedingly few things which they will not do for money ; and they are living examples of the melancholy fact that the proverb about honesty being the best policy is not universally followed. They live and thrive upon very questionable practices. In Constantinople the Mahometans of Stamboul are far more honest than the Christians of Pera ; and here the Moors, who come over and establish themselves, are far more

honest than the natives, who are called "scorpions." But Gibraltar is remarkable as a fortress, and not as a school of morals. Vast sums of money have been spent to make it impregnable, and they have not been thrown away. Level with the sea are the water batteries, driven into the solid rock, and above these are galleries rising one above the other, in which there are cannon, which may be fired with hardly any risk of being struck. The portholes give the rock the appearance of a warren of mammoth rabbits. Most of the guns in position while we were there were 36-pounders, but cannon of enormous calibre were being sent out from England to replace them. Those which had arrived were 18 tons, for one can no longer reckon in pounds, and 40-tonners are yet expected. "Gibraltar," says a local proverb, "is heaven for 'scorpions' and hell for donkeys." Of course, the authorities at home have not thought fit to send out a small traction engine, so these enormous masses of metal have to be dragged to their places up the rude paths of the rock by mules and asses.

Notwithstanding the natural and artificial strength of the rock the authorities do not go to sleep, but day after day, and night after night, everything goes on as though half-a-dozen determined men might take it by a *coup de main*. No foreigner is allowed to enter the gates without a permit, which has to be renewed every month. Even the peasants who bring in vegetables are obliged to obtain one of these permits. At sunset a gun is fired, when the drawbridges are raised and the gates shut, and they remain closed to everyone, officer or civilian, until the morning gun, which announces sunrise, is fired. At nine o'clock all soldiers, without special leave, are obliged to

be in their barracks ; and after midnight the inhabitants are arrested if they are found out of their houses. Sentinels are everywhere, guarding apparently nothing. Drums beat, fifes and bagpipes play at all hours ; troops march, counter-march, and drill from morning to night. The officers endeavour to vary the monotony of their existence by making excursions into Africa and Spain. They also keep up a pack of hounds, and have some very good runs during the winter. Scarcely a day passes without two or three steamers putting in to land or ship cargo or coal. The guards are "trooped" on the Alameda twice a week, and one of the bands play in the evenings there, when the inhabitants turn out to promenade or sit on chairs to listen to them. On these occasions one can see that the young women of Gibraltar are extremely handsome, but greatly given to extravagance in dress, for I have seen more pretty faces there than I ever saw in London or Edinburgh. I do not mean by this to say that England cannot boast of charming girls ; but there is a kind of artistic excellence about the girls of Gibraltar not to be found amongst any other. The celebrated novelist, Lever, says "a Spanish woman, with a skin like an old drum head and the lower jaw of an old baboon, will actually get herself up to look better than many a pretty girl of our country." The fascination of a Spanish girl lies in the brilliancy of her love-speaking eyes. I cannot understand what can make girls possessing such attractions voluntarily abandon the pleasures of the world and enter the gloomy abode of a loveless convent as so many of them do. The softening influence of woman's love is lost when she leaves her proper sphere in the world, and we require all her

sympathy and smiles in a world like this without her burying her beauty in a living tomb.

In the clefts of the rock are to be found a few monkeys. They are the only wild ones in Europe, and having been there from time immemorial they are revered as much as their brothers in the sacred groves of Benares. Most stringent orders are issued against injuring them.

Much sentimental twaddle is periodically written about giving up Gibraltar to the Spaniards on the ground of its being a portion of Spain. We require it now more than at any previous period, because sailing vessels are gradually being superseded by steamers for carrying purposes, and we must have coaling stations. In point of fact, what we want is not to reduce the number of these stations, but to increase them by adding to their number one in the vicinity of Egypt. As for the noble Spaniard being indignant at our holding the rock, the noble Spaniard cares little about it. Few Spaniards even know—so great is their ignorance—that there is such a place as Gibraltar, though the Governor of Algiciras is still styled by them as the Governor of Algiciras and Gibraltar. The climax of absurdity, however, was reached some years ago, when it was seriously suggested that we should exchange it for Ceuta. Now Ceuta is a Spanish penal station in Africa, not in the Strait, and of no particular natural strength. It has, too, an exceedingly bad harbour. The Moors have always protested against the Spanish occupation, and this protest they carry into effect by the simple expedient of shooting every Spaniard who strays outside the lines. On moral grounds, therefore, we should have no more right to Ceuta than we have to Gibraltar. It would be robbing Peter

to make a present to Paul, and losing very considerably by the transaction. To put Ceuta in a proper condition of defence would cost millions, and those millions would have to come out of the British tax payers' pockets.

The inhabitants of Gibraltar are mostly Roman Catholic. They have little sanctimonious sourness about them. If they attend their mass in the morning they consider they have done well, and become worshippers of Dr Greenfield for the remainder of the day. This propensity of theirs caused but little trace of a holy Sabbath day to be found, and I often sighed—

Oh ! for a sound o' a Sabbath bell  
On the calm, sweet summer's gale,  
The same as I heard in years gone bye  
In the sweet toon o' Glenvale.

After attending Divine service on the last Sunday I was in Gibraltar I climbed up for a last view and sat upon the highest peak on the Rock. It was a beautiful day ; the sun shone with refulgent glory on the brow of the old grey hill, while the town lay slumbering in peace and quietness at the bottom. I had a magnificent view of the hills of Spain, and the cool pure breeze wandered over earth and ocean, while the voice of children playing down the slope sent through my heart a thrill of cordial delight and pleasure. Oh ! what a glorious world we would have if that tyrannical spirit which delights in the oppression of poor humanity was only banished from amongst the sons of men.

I then looked on the great Mediterranean Sea ; but my thoughts wandered back to the days when I was an under-ground worker. I thought of the tens of thousands of Briton's sons who are shut

out from the beauties of nature working deep down in their sunless den excavating the precious material which propels the mighty leviathians across the tractless ocean. I might be inclined to forget the din, the noise, and smoke of unpoetical coal-pits, accustomed as I have been for the last 12 years to traverse rural and primitive lands ; still I can sympathise with my hard-working countrymen away in the dear old land. I would, however, prefer to live at the flood-gates of eastern day than amongst the eternal roar of machinery and steam. I love to roam along the beach of an orient land—

“Nourishing a youth sublime  
With the fairy tales of science  
And the long results of time.”

The Regiment was exceedingly healthy while stationed in Gibraltar, having only had 12 deaths during the four and a half years, and two of these were the result of accident. The Regiment was also highly respected by the inhabitants, who expressed great regret at losing us, as the following quotation from the *Gibraltar Chronicle*—the only paper published there—at the time of our departure, will show :—

“The Seventy-First Highland Light Infantry embarked for Malta on the 24th April 1873. It is always a painful matter to say ‘Farewell’ to old friends, and the task becomes doubly difficult when these old friends are held in such popular estimation as are all ranks of this gallant regiment in the minds of every one with whom they have been brought into contact here. From the first to the last there has been only the most cordial good-will between them and the inhabitants, and the regrets and good wishes of all will follow them to their new quarters. We take leave of them with the greatest regret, as gallant soldiers and good fellows, and when we say good-bye we wish in our hearts that it may be, and that very speedily, ‘*au revoir*.’”

We received a few drafts from the depôt while there to fill up the blanks caused by those leaving with their time up, and as they dropped off in twos or threes painful leave-takings were the order of the day, and none more so than when it came to the turn of Sergeant-Major Barr and Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry Mitchell, who were both highly respected, and left us about a year before our departure to Malta. After so long a stay there I must say I felt rather sorrowful at leaving, the people having been so kind to us, and we had almost become a part of themselves, so to speak, but to show our gratitude for their kindness we took a few of their bonnie lasses along with us.

Farewell, dear old Rock ; I may never climb thy rugged side again, but in after years I will often think on the bright and joyous days I enjoyed on thee.

Four years and six months I have seen  
 Since landing on thy aged brow,  
 And bright and happy ones they've been,  
 But, dear old Rock, I leave thee now.  
 Yet I shall cast a look behind,  
 And think on days enjoyed here ;  
 I've found thy sons and daughters kind  
 I give you all I have—a tear.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## ARRIVAL IN MALTA—ITS "LIONS."

And this is Malta? don't you hear  
 The chapel bells already ringing,  
 And see the candles burning clear,  
 And grey-haired priests around them singing?  
 Although grim-featured superstition  
 Reigns o'er Malta's barren plain,  
 A holy, pious, pure petition,  
 Ne'er went up to heaven in vain.

On the 24th April 1873 we embarked on board H.M.S. "Tamar" for Malta. The incidents peculiar to sea voyages being all very much the same, I need not detain the reader by recounting our experience. I shall only say that we had more than an ordinary share of sickness, at least to begin with. Occasionally we had some fine views along the coast, including the ruins of Carthage—bringing to mind the fact that "thrones, principalities, powers, and dominions," all have their day, and may at last come to nought. When we entered the harbour at Malta we were received by many old friends, in the 1-13th, 23th, and 74th regiments, the band of the latter playing "Auld Lang Syne;" but we did not disembark till next day. Byron in his leave-taking of Malta says—

"Adieu, ye streets of La Vallette;  
 Adieu, sirocco, suns, and sweat;  
 Adieu, ye streets of steps and stairs,  
 How surely he who mounts you swears."



And truly he had good cause, as we afterwards found out, to call them "streets of steps and stairs." The houses seemed substantial, and being built of the clean white stone quarried from the island, with beautiful green painted verandahs, they appeared very picturesque, and at short intervals domes and spires of churches towered above the surrounding buildings. In the Grand Harbour (of which more anon), and which in a manner divides Vallette from the Three Cities, the most of the passenger traffic is carried on in boats (or dycos, as they are called). By using them you save a walk of some four or five miles round by the road. To see the number of boats continually crossing and re-crossing made one wonder where all the people that used them could come from, for they looked as if they were a swarm of mosquitoes sporting in the sunbeams on the surface of the water. When night began to throw her curtain over us, and lights peeped out one after another from the windows of the different houses, and the port holes of the vessels around us, it recalled to mind some of the panoramas which we loved so well to see in our youthful days.

As might well be expected the next morning was one, not only of stir, but also of anxiety, as we were unaware as to how we might succeed in our new quarters. We commenced by giving in our hammocks as early as 5 A.M., and then to clean ourselves with all possible speed. As we were not to disembark until after the hour for breakfast, and were in rations on shore, they were generous enough to inform us that we were to be given that meal on board, free, gratis, for nothing; but such an one, a dish of tea (boiling hot) without bread

of any kind—fitting commencement for a day's hard work. Then all of us were ordered on deck with all our belongings at 7 A.M. to shift as best we could, but there we had to stay. Our rifles were served out to us at 7.45. Then we had muster parade in marching order at 8.15, after which there was no end of crushing and knocking about with our packs on until nine had come and gone, when a Government tug came alongside and kindly took us all on board (unless one company that was left to put out the baggage into barges), and we made our way to the shore with the band giving us "Rule Britannia," and "Auld Lang Syne" from the bridge. All the bands of the other regiments in the garrison were waiting us, and played us straight up to barracks, a benefit for us owing to the 28th having generously gone under canvas previous to our arrival to permit our entering the barracks. The distance we had to go was but trifling, as we were to occupy Floriana Barracks the same as was occupied by the regiment on their return from the Crimea in 1856; but as soon as we were told off to rooms time sufficient to throw off our knapsacks was barely afforded us, when we were away to the harbour again to get the baggage up, and, though it had the appearance of being a difficult job, yet by all working with a will it was all on shore shortly after three, and safely housed by retreat. However, it was past two ere we managed to get anything to eat, and even then nothing to brag of, but famished as we were anything was welcome. From what we could see our quarters were to be very comfortable, every convenience being at hand, only the barrack rooms were far too large, no less than forty-six living in each. We had any number

of the 28th and 74th paying us visits during the day, but being so busy we had but little time to have much conversation with them. A good few of the regiment who had been in the Crimea had been in Malta before, but to the majority it was quite a new world, and I, for one, found it so, for the people were very different from any others I had been brought into contact with during my military career. The very sound of their language was harsh and un-poetical, and seemed as if it were some of the dead ones revived. The features in general too, especially of the male sex, were anything but pleasant or good-looking, yet I could see at a glance that many of the opposite sex were prepossessing in appearance and seemed to belong to a different or mixed tribe. I soon became reconciled to my new home and began to fall in with the ways of the place.

My duties in Malta were exactly similar to those in Gibraltar, the strength of the one garrison being the same as the other, only there was one company of engineers less in Malta, to make up for which we had their local corps the "Royal Malta Fencible Artillery," numbering in strength somewhere about 400. The regiments forming the garrison along with us on our arrival were the 1-13th, 1-18th, 28th, and 74th, all of which, with the exception of the second mentioned, were along with us in Gibraltar, so that we were, so to speak, at home with them. In nearly all parts of the world the British soldier's duties are the same—guards, picquets, fatigues, and incessant drills, following each other in rapid rotation. My first duty in Malta was to mount the main guard, one of the most important in the garrison, situated on one side of St George's Square, and directly oppo-

sits the Palace. It is in one sense the Governor's body-guard, the same as the Convent guard was in Gibraltar. It is also the principal guard on the Valletta side of the water, and is under the command of one and sometimes two officers. The Palace itself has but little claim to architectural beauty, being rather a plain, square building surrounded by balconies, with a large courtyard in the centre, the whole covering close upon an acre of ground; still the interior is superb, the court being tastefully laid out in flower plots, with several orange and other trees interspersed here and there. The Armoury and Council-room—where the Council of Government hold their sittings—are numbered among the "lions" of Malta. The former contains many specimens of arms and armour belonging to a remote age; a Pope's Bull to the Knights Templars of the sixteenth century; the identical bugle that sounded the celebrated retreat of Rhodes, and relics of the different grand Knights far too numerous to mention. The Council-room is a plain furnished but gorgeous apartment, the clean tapestried walls laying claim to being about the best of their kind extant.

The most important "lion," however, is the far famed St John's Church, a structure of huge dimensions built in the form of a cross, with two belfries rising above the main entrance in which huge "Bells" keep clattering from early morning till far on in the night day by day. Time having laid its hand rather heavy on the exterior the stranger has but little to draw him towards it, and is quite unprepared for the sight that bursts upon his gaze after he is once inside the door-way; in fact it almost baffles description.

The floor is paved with small square blocks of different-coloured marbles ; the walls hung round with large framed paintings ; while the roof is squared off, and figures of the most prominent of the *saints* placed therein by the brushes of some of the most eminent painters of Italy. Statues also abound in niches and corners, while the principal altar is surrounded and surmounted by them, and its wealthy decorations quite dazzle the eyes of the beholder. It is also enclosed by gates of solid silver, said to have replaced gold ones carried away by the first Napoleon, and thrown into the Grand Harbour, but somehow they have never managed to be picked up again as yet, although the Maltese would move heaven and earth for anything that could be converted into money. I have said the principal altar, for it must be borne in mind there are altars for all the different nations of the earth almost who boast of being the children of "Holy Mother Church," while near by each is to be seen the confessional box, with a priest as its occupant well posted up in the language required. I never can forget the feelings that rose within me when I first entered that edifice ; it was a sort of holy awe stealing over me, for the floor, the ceiling, and the pictures made me almost forget that I was still an inhabitant of this lower world, and I then thought of the contrast between that magnificent temple and our own simple Presbyterian kirks with their barrel-looking pulpits and cribbed seats ; and yet the attendants in both churches are each in their own manner striving to worship the same great Infinite Being.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE VALLETTA OPERA HOUSE—THE SPACIOUS HARBOURS OF MALTA—TWO IMPOSING CATHOLIC PROCESSIONS.

Malta is an island of about 60 miles in circumference, so that we had no need to complain here, as in Gibraltar, of the want of room for a walk. It comprises the city of Valletta, with Floriana just outside the principal entrance; Port Reale, or Royal Gate; and on the opposite side of the Grand Harbour, is what is termed the three cities, viz.:—Vittorosa, Isola, and Burmola; while further out are several villages of some consideration such as Zabbar, Zeitun, Birchicircara, and Civita Vecchia. The barracks we first occupied (Floriana) were, so to speak, in Valletta, or, as we generally say, on the Valletta side of the water. This city was first founded by La Vallette in the sixteenth century, and is now the principal one on the island. It is beautifully situated, rising with a pretty steep gradient from the north side where it forms the division of the entrance to the Grand and Quarantine Harbours, thus becoming the quay to both of these. Entering it from the country side you cross a draw-bridge thrown over the main ditch, some 70 or 80 feet deep, and are directly under the archways of Porte Reale, a beautiful structure with a statue of La Vallette and L' Isle Adam on either side. Proceeding but a short

distance down Strada Reale (the principal thoroughfare), on the right hand side you have the new Opera House, a building erected during the Governorship of General Sir Gaspard Le Marchant at a cost of between £50,000 and £60,000, which I can safely say is one of the most magnificent of its kind that I have ever been permitted to see. The walls outside are elaborately decorated with sculptured work representing some of the great composers and a variety of musical instruments, and its dimensions are in no way inferior to the largest Opera House in London. It was indeed the pride of the island, and seemed worthy of the expense that had been caused by its erection, but its beauty was doomed to destruction. About a month after our arrival, on a quiet Sabbath evening, the fire-bugle sounded the alarm, and as we each rushed out into the dark night the whole of the city seemed to be in flames, and we could scarcely credit our ears when told it was the Opera House on fire. All at once we were turned out, and neither water nor willing hands were wanting to do what could be done to save the building. The fire, however, had obtained too fast a hold, and in about a couple of hours from the first alarm all that was left of it was the four walls—a blackened mass. Had the military not been at hand it would be hard to say what the consequences might have been, as the inhabitants were quite terrified with horror, and flew, as if bereft of their senses, with what they stood in to all parts of the country fearful lest the magazines in the vicinity would be blown up. It stood thus for upwards of three years, but at last, through the energetic efforts of some of the members of the Government, though not without much and determined opposition, it is fast regaining its former appearance.

Next in importance to the Opera House is the Auberge de Provence, a large palatial residence used principally by the officers of the Army and Navy as a Club-House. In Valletta, which, as a town, is built in squares, there are several other imposing buildings. The Roman Catholic Churches I have already mentioned; and in addition to them there is the English Cathedral Church of St Paul with its beautiful spire. This building cost somewhere about £9000, and was the gift of Queen Adelaide. The great fault of the streets is their narrowness. For example: Strada Stretta, or Straight Street, which was so much admired by Sir Walter Scott while visiting the island shortly before his death, is only from 7 to 8 feet broad and over 900 yards in length, while the buildings are all from six to seven stories high.

The harbours of Malta are the great feature of the island. They are much about the same as regards length and breadth, but the Grand has several creeks more than the Quarantine, in which all the Navies in the world could ride safely at anchor. They run inland close upon two miles, and as far as 20 or 30 steamers, independent of the Fleet, may be seen within their bounds at one time, for the traffic now is much greater since the Suez Canal route was opened, while multitudes of small craft are continually arriving, principally with the products of the Island of Sicily and the northern coast of Africa.

In Malta, as in most Roman Catholic communities, there are a great many festival days, and on some of these days, imposing processions may be witnessed. I will endeavour to give a brief description of two of these, which I myself beheld. The first was that of St Paul, which is



held in the month of February in celebration of the anniversary of that Apostle's landing on the island. On the night previous there is service in St Paul's Church, a modest enough looking edifice, but gorgeously decorated within, while the whole district under its sway is ablaze with illuminations, and the streets spanned by ornamental arches. Bands of music, too, are interspersed here and there playing far on into the silent watches of the night, and even the poorest vie with their more fortunate neighbours in hanging banners or tapestry from the windows of their dwellings. The service in church continues the whole of next day, and it being the time the opera is in full sway the most of the *artistes* engaged in it lend their assistance, so that the music both vocal and instrumental is of a very high class. About 4 P.M. the procession is formed, and pursues a circuitous course through the various principal streets of the city, much in the form of that of a military funeral. Both sides of the roadway are taken up by those forming the procession with a couple of paces interval, while the centre is kept quite clear. First comes a banner of enormous dimensions with the letters I.H.S. and I.N.R.I. emblazoned thereon, followed by all the different holy crafts and guilds, each bearing their own devices and figures of the Saviour on the Cross in different sorts of workmanship, from plain wood to solid silver with diamond-headed nails. Then follow monks and priests of all orders, amongst them being boys in their teens and old men with grey hair, but all with the shaven crown. Next come several acholytes bearing a number of the jewels used in their worship, two of whom wave censers of incense, perfuming the whole atmosphere around. Fol-

lowing them, under a canopy of satin, is the principal clergyman, rich in jewellery, with an elaborately-finished cross in his hand, muttering his *aves*, and the priests chanting around him. Bringing up the rear is a mighty figure in wood, glaring in paint and gilding, of the great Apostle with an open book in his right hand, and his left outstretched over the heads of the multitude. The gigantic figure is borne aloft on the shoulders of eight sturdy men who rock and reel under the weight of their burden. Truly the first time I beheld this, the scene on Mars Hill at Athens, as described in the Acts of the Apostles, rushed vividly across the eye of my imagination, and I wondered within myself why the dry bones of Paul did not come forth from their grave and protest against such mockery. When I say that each of those not otherwise employed in the procession carried lighted candles of close upon four feet in length, and that the procession took close upon an hour and a half to pass a given point, one can have a slight conception of the expense of getting it up, to say nothing of the loss of income through the suspension of labour, not only to those joining it, but also to the gazing crowds around.

The other I refer to takes place in Vittoriosa (one of the Three Cities) on Good Friday. Of course, throughout the Christian world this day is kept as a holiday, so that no difference exists here; and special services are conducted in all the churches. As the procession in this case, which starts about 5 P.M., is conducted in entirely the same form as the other, it may suffice to notice only the figures or images carried in it. The first that makes its appearance is that of our Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane enduring His bloody

sweat amongst branches of real trees, while the angel is close by with a silver cup, which he offers him to drink. The second is after our Lord has been taken before Pilate, who has sent him to be scourged, and the figure—entirely naked—stands bound by the wrists to a tree stump with the back so thoroughly lacerated that the flesh is entirely flayed to admit of the bones appearing, while the blood runs streaming down the legs. In the third we have our Lord seated with the purple robe thrown loosely over the shoulders, the crown of thorns piercing his brow, and the reed (made of solid silver) held sceptre-like in the right hand. The fourth shows Him labouring greatly on hands and knees up Calvary's steep sides with a huge cross upon his back. The fifth represents the price of man's redemption in the shape of the blessed Saviour extended on the Cross with three weeping women at its base. The next is a spacious catafalque richly ornamented, the floor of which represents rough hewn rock, and on it laid the bleeding and wounded body ; while the last is a huge cross empty, draped in mourning, and Mary kneeling at it with the sword piercing her heart. Now when I add that all these figures are life-size, it will be seen that I am not at all exaggerating when I say each requires from six to twelve able-bodied men to carry it, and yet though they have to bear their burden for four hours (resting a few minutes occasionally), long before the time of the procession arrives the Catholics out-bid each other for the honour of being a sharer in the work, money having to be given to the Church for the permission. In this one, also, I saw a few children scarcely able to walk, representing guardian angels with their tiny wings and halo of glory, while the poor

little innocents required to be guarded themselves for fear of being trodden in the press. No doubt the figures are richly-executed pieces of workmanship, and are decked off in the most gaudy colours. Still I cannot help thinking (though I am strongly in favour of freedom of opinion in matters of religion) that this is scarcely the manner in which He, who entered Jerusalem meek and lowly, desires to be worshipped, preferring rather to see the heart bent in lowly adoration to Himself, than these uncovered heads and prostrate forms giving glory to His imaginary likeness hewn from a block of wood.



## CHAPTER XX.

## MANKEY BOUFFE'S LOVE DIFFICULTY.

Not long after settling down in Verdala Barracks, my old friend, Mankey Bouffe, came to me, and with charming innocence made me his confidante in a very tender matter.

"I want your advice," he said, "in an affair that has quite upset me. To make a long story short, I am deeply in love with one whom I shall ever regard as the 'Flower of Verdala,' and I want you to give me the benefit of your large experience, and tell me how I shall best secure such a sweet blossom!"

"Go boldly forward," said I, "and besiege the fortress at once. You know the old saying—'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"True, true," replied he, "but she has a host of admirers beside me, some of them much younger than I am, though they never can surpass me in the strength of my affection and love I have for that sweet girl."

"Has she given you any encouragement?—any hopes of storming the citadel of her affections?"

"Well, I think I am not altogether disagreeable to her presence. But I'm afraid I shall never be able to call the Rosa Coochperwanie mine. She is a very intelligent girl; she can sing Burns' songs and quote Byron and Scott. I would have given the price of a Colonel's commission last

night to have only had the pleasure of touching the points of her fingers. When leaving her mother's house I had the courage to come out with

'Maid of Athens, ere we part,'

and oh ! how she made my blood thrill in my veins when, with the most captivating voice, she added—

'Give, oh ! give me back my heart.'

I felt quite overpowered, but just as I turned to show her my feelings, in comes Tarry Lyons. She gave him a cordial smile, which extinguished my last glimmering lamp of hope. Do tell me, my trustworthy friend, what I am to do ?

'My Amy mine no more ;  
Oh ! that dreary, dreary wilderness,  
The barren, barren shore.'

I'll die, like Lord Byron, in a foreign land with no wife to wipe the sweat from my brow. Break out, O, Russian War, that I may have a chance of burying my broken heart on some field of battle."

"Cheer up, man ; when we leave Malta you'll forget all about Rosa Coochperwanie——"

"Never ;

'While there's leaves in the forest and foam on the river,  
Manky Bouffe shall cherish her memory for ever.'

You're a friend of hers, can you not say a kind word for me ?"

"That would be dangerous ground to tread upon. In interceding for you I might put in a word on my own behalf, for I cannot lay claim to infallibility, and I am sensible of the great personal attractions of Miss Coochperwanie. If a strong, handsome-looking fellow such as you is

powerless to move her heart I know not who can succeed in winning it."

"I have been writing poetry till I am tired, and have made her the subject of two of my effusions, and she told me I had stolen my ideas and love expressions from her favourite poet, Byron. Now, I shall submit both my songs for your critical inspection, and if you find anything Byronic about them I'll believe her to be a female Jeffrey; so I'll give you a verse from each that you may judge for yourself. Here's the first—

When the bright stars are peeping doon  
I dream o' my sweet lammie,  
Awa' in auld Verdala toon—  
My Rosa Coochperwanie."

"Well, Mankey, I see nothing sublime about that; but I also guess at the same time that she must have felt rather proud to have her charms set to verse by such a gallant fellow as yourself. But why so melancholy over a girl who neither understands your feelings, disposition, country, nor religion? Wait till we return to bonnie Scotland, and if we cannot secure a sonsie Scotch lassie we may win the affections of some buxom widow. You remember the words of the old song—

'The widow can bake an' the widow can brew,  
The widow can sing an' the widow can sew,  
An' mony braw things the widow can do,  
Then hae at a widow, my laddie.'

When Miss Coochperwanie has so many *beaux* to her fiddle I think you ought to give her up. To me she appears a bit of a flirt. However, I don't think you're much heart-broken. If we go to Bermuda you'll forget all about her, for a change of scene has a powerful effect in curing wounded

affections. Still, let me have a verse of that other song that celebrates the charms of your Rosa."

"Well, don't call me a fool if I should show symptoms of weakness in singing it to you. Here's the first verse—

Sweet flower of Verda'a, I'll never  
Forget a maiden like thee,  
Thy mind is so charming and clever,  
Thou'rt all the world to me."

"Very good, Mankey. You're a real poet, full of power, spirit, and fire. Had Burns and Tannahill been still in this lower world, they would have extended to you the hand of poetical friendship. Go on courting the muses, and your cares and sorrows will melt away like the morning dew. Leave this Coochperwanie to waste her sweetness on the desert air—at least so far as you're concerned. I daresay, after all, she'll be satisfied with a Maltese barber or tailor for a husband, instead of a gallant son of Mars like you."

"Your advice may be good—I don't doubt it—but oh! its hard to relinquish such a sweet-fascinating girl."

"I have been in love myself more than once, and let me tell you that, old soldier though I be, I cherish a profound respect and affection for bonnie lasses, whether Greeks, Maltese, or Moors. The language of Tennyson is applicable to me—

'I know it true whate'er befall,  
I feel it when I sorrow most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.'

Yes, Mankey, I can cast my mind's eye back over the last 25 years of my life, and see all the dear sweet girls who captured my affections long



ere I thought of being a wandeter in foreign lands. I have lost them all, but the memory of those golden days of manhood's early morn remain with me as a delicious dream. My sun is now past its meridian ; still the scrap of an old love letter, or a lock of hair, brings to my mind recollections of joyous days which no language of mine is capable of depicting."

"You speak with truth and sense, but I find it hard to tear my heart away from Rosa. I have a letter here with me that I wrote on Lower Castile Guard last night. Many strange thoughts passed through my mind while I was writing it, and I've come to the conclusion if Miss Coochperwanie can find amongst her host of admirers one more true in his love, or more sincere in affection than I am, she'll be the happiest wife in Malta."

"Really, I did not think Rosa was surrounded by such a martial band of lovers. Who are all the brave fellows who are wooing at her, pooving at her, but canna get her? Surely you've no objection to let me have their names. Are they six years' men? for, if so, they cannot, according to the general order, be allowed to marry before they have put in that service; so as all the 'Cardwell men' appear to be disgusted with our glorious British army, you have nothing to fear in that quarter. But time will cure your love; you're in the Snider-hot stage at present. I'll wager you a pot of Jamie M'Lachlan's best ale that if you were back amongst the bonnie lasses of Auld Reekie, Malta and all her sun-burnt girls would never cost you a thought. Now I'm prepared to listen very attentively to your letter, and may it ease your mind and restore you to something like your former buoyancy of spirits.

Who would have thought Mankey Bouffe, the life and soul of every social circle, would turn so sedate and melancholy ?'

"Not so melancholy but I can enjoy a pundy of porter at the canteen yet. But as I'm for the Butcher's guard to-morrow I have little time to get my traps in order, so I'll read ye the last piece of either prose or poetry that the hand o' Mankey Bouffe will ever pen to the beauteous flower o' Verdala toon—

Lower Castile Guard,  
12 o'clock, midnight.

My Adorable Coochperwanie,—My soul is grieved to think that you expressed an unfavourable opinion relative to the genuineness of the two songs I had the honour to present to you the other day. With great respect for your brilliant, and I might say critical, talents I beg to inform you that I never was (to my knowledge) guilty of stealing the printed thoughts of any of our modern poets to enable me to convey my sentiments to the fair sex. In my rhymes I only express the simple sentiments of a pure but uncultivated mind. I now part with you for ever, for I can never again trust myself in your enchanting presence, but I sincerely hope you may find amongst your host of admirers one true heart to love you with sincere affection. That your soul may be filled with perpetual sunshine and bliss, is the sincere prayer of forlorn

MANKEY BOUFFE."

Mankey enclosed this heart-stirring epistle and despatched it to his charmer, after which his mind appeared to be wonderfully at ease, his pent-up feelings having thus got vent, for in less than half-an-hour he was making the canteen ring with his favourite bacchanalian song of—

"Auld Scotch whiskey sweetly gangs doon  
Wi' sugar an' candy in Camm'elton toon."

Poor fellow, Time is now laying his hand somewhat heavy on him, but we cannot expect much other as he has served over twenty years, and the majority of these in foreign climes. I must here record that I have all along found him a generous friend and stedfast comrade, and I pray he may be long spared to lead a useful life in his favourite "Auld Reekie."



## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE PRIMITIVE STATE OF AGRICULTURE IN MALTA—A ROYAL BIRTH—THE CATACOMBS OF CITTA VECCHIA—ST PAUL'S BAY, THE PLACE WHERE THE APOSTLE LANDED.

We occupied Verdala Barracks for six months, the duties on that side being much the same as on the other, although it has three regiments located there while the Valletta side has only two, for we had occasionally to give a share of the duty on it, crossing and re-crossing in boats. With the exception of the two prisons (civil and military), erected in 1864 or 1865 on Corradino heights, and the Royal Naval and Zabbar Hospitals, there are no buildings of any consequence in the Three Cities ; and if Valletta is in want of sanitary measures the Three Cities are much more so—dirt and filth being predominant in all corners.

During the summer I took the advantage of several trips into the country, and I was indeed greatly surprised at the amount of vegetation I saw. The people are very ignorant, and seem to cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause to the rites and customs of their rude forefathers, for they are truly a century behind the remainder of the civilised world. One would scarcely give it credit, and yet it is too true, that in a possession

- of England so close to the mother country as this is, the old rude plough drawn by oxen is all that is used. Many a time have I stood in the cool evening gazing with wonder at the countryman trudging his way home with his small wooden plough on his shoulder, while his steer, or perhaps a dried up milch cow, which had been ploughing the whole day through, steps along quietly at his heels. At times I have seen an ox and a mule yoked together in these ploughs, though it is but seldom such is the case, as the latter are too much employed in cart work. The mode of threshing here is a very ancient one too. The produce of the field is not cut as at home by sythe or sickle, but dragged up by the roots. It is then placed round a stake in the middle of a field, to which is fastened a solitary ox, which wends its way round and round until the grain is thoroughly loosened from the straw. The people here, however, seem either to be ignorant of, or heedless about, what the Decalogue says regarding the muzzling of the ox that treadeth out the corn, for the poor brutes must undergo that torture here. Their harness and carts are antique and uncouth also, the latter only being of sufficient size to take what at home would be termed a wheel-barrow load. The fields are mere patches, and all enclosed by dry-stone dykes four or five feet high—said to be for the purpose of keeping the soil from being washed away by the rain from its rocky bed, for you must know we have what we term a rainy season here, which, when it comes, is a not inapt specimen of a deluge. Fruit is not very plentifully grown; yet some of the oranges are most delicious. The most of the supply, however, is brought from Sicily; but vegetables of all kinds are to be had

in abundance, and the melons and pumpkins are often of enormous size. I have seen some of the latter that would weigh close upon fifty or sixty pounds. Potatoes in general are very good, and of them they always have two crops. Then, agriculturists throughout the world know to what extent the name of Maltese clover has risen.

Amongst the first places I visited was the famed gardens and palace of San Antonio, situated about four or five miles from Valletta, and used as a residence during the summer season by the Governor. This last winter it has been occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and it was within its walls their youngest daughter was born—an event of which the Maltese are exceedingly proud, as they claim to be the first colonial possession that has had the honour of having a member of our Royal house born within its limits. We passed through the important village of Birchicarcara on our way out, and I was indeed surprised not only at its dimensions but also at the beauty and size of many of its houses; but I understand it is a sort of summer residence for the wealthier inhabitants of Valletta and the Three Cities. As I was not within the palace itself I cannot speak of the size or decorations of its apartments; but from an outward view it appears to be very commodious and is substantially built, with a turret tower from which the royal ensign waves when the palace is inhabited. The grounds, however, are beautifully laid out, and are interspersed here and there with ornamental fountains in full play, their basins also swarming with gold fish. It is, strictly speaking, a pure orange grove, and the fruit being in season at the time of my visit the trees were literally borne

down to the ground, so bountiful was their harvest of fruit.

I also paid a visit to Citta Vecchia, one of the most delightful resorts of the inhabitants of the island. The whole garrison generally have a march out to it at the close of the marching-out season every year, and as they start at early morning they are encamped and dine on the glacis of the fort, their dinners being cooked on the ground. It is not very large, but it was a place of note during the time of the Knights, and has a clean, picturesque appearance. It has a large fort (of course never used now as no troops are stationed there) which commands the country round, so that no enemy having gained a landing in the direction of St Paul's Bay or Gozo could dare to attempt to pass on its way towards Valletta with impunity. Inside the Fort is a large and beautiful sanitorium (or hospital), which is only occupied during the summer months, and to which the sick of the garrison, who may be recovering but slowly from some lingering disease, are sent for change. It can also boast of a very beautiful church, decorated in much the same style as St John's, but not of very large dimensions.

But the catacombs away deep down in the earth like those in Rome, though much smaller, form the chief attraction to the village. As I groped through them by the dim light of the candle, carried by my guide, and peered into this niche or that corner, my mind rushed back to the time when these dark cells were the habitations of living men and women doomed for the sake of their faith to seek such a dwelling ; and I thought if the cold damp walls were only for one hour to

be gifted with speech, how would my feelings be harrowed by the tales they would unfold. Then a silent prayer rose to my lips, blessing the Infinite Giver of all good that it had pleased Him to cast my lot in a Christian land, where I could worship Him under my own vine or fig tree, without the least trace of fear hanging over me.

The one trip I most enjoyed of the whole was a visit to the neighbouring island of Gozo just about the close of this summer. Shortly before it there took place some annual feast, which occupies three days, and to which on one or other of these days you would think every inhabitant of Malta, old and young, rushes, as some three or four steamers run cheap trips from early morn till late at night, as fast as steam can propel them. Many of the garrison take advantage of these to pay Gozo a visit, permission generally being given to do so then, but as I was anxious to see as much of it quietly as I possibly could, I preferred "biding my time." At last three of us agreed to make a start. Our drive was no less than eighteen miles through as beautifully cultivated ground as if we were amongst the groves of Italy, and every now and then we passed villas in all the different styles of architecture. The chief thing, however, that really attracted our attention was St Paul's Bay, where the great Apostle of the Gentiles was wrecked, and where after he had gathered a bundle of sticks and laid them on the fire, there came a viper out of it and fastened on his hand. The scene described in the Acts was now fairly before our very eyes, so much so that I have no hesitation in believing this to be the place therein mentioned, for we have here from the shape of the creek and the position of a large rock, literally the



two seas meeting. A locality of such note could not escape something like priestly consecration, and so a memorial chapel is erected in one of the clefts of the rock to which pilgrimages are often made; but our time would not admit of delaying to pay it a visit. We did not reach Marfa until rather past noon, but were only a very few minutes in crossing the Strait (about three miles broad) as the wind was in our favour, and we rushed across as if by steam, then drove up to Rabato, the principal town or village, whichever you wish, fully three miles from the landing place. I was quite unprepared to see the vast difference in the cultivation of the two islands. Not an inch of this one, unless the roads, but what was bringing forth fruit, grain, or vegetables of some kind; but perhaps the nature of the inhabitants may be the cause, for they seem as much different from the Maltese as day is from night, especially in their habits. Here I found them clean and tidy; there they seem to vie with each other as to who will carry most dirt on their persons. Here everyone, from the child of tender years to the very blind with age, male and female, were employed, their nimble fingers busily knitting or working the far-famed lace, or else weaving coarse fabrics for home wear; there you find groups of loafers lounging at every corner, who would almost rather starve than work, or find their food in very questionable ways so long as it does not put them to much trouble. And during my six hours' stay I only met two beggars; in Malta their name is legion, and you are surrounded by them at all hours, whether walking, driving, or standing. They even follow you into the very places of business where you may desire to make

purchases, and so much is the "blood thicker than water," that the shopkeepers permit them to do so with impunity. Rabato has nothing to boast of in the shape of sight-seeing, but there is a moderate-sized good hotel, which, I expect, must thrive off visitors only, and in it we found the charges very moderate. In fact, always leaving churches out of count, there is little to be seen on any part of the island, the principle occupation being lace making. Still there is a pretty large pottery on it, but I suppose its produce is confined to the use of the two islands. There is a large fort just above the landing place, in which are barracks capable of holding a regiment, but it is nearly dismounted now; and though at one time a whole regiment was stationed there, I believe it is only garrisoned now by a very small detachment of the Royal Malta Fencible Artillery. As twilight approached we retraced our way to Mijario, where we got a boat and crossed to Marfa, where our Jehu was anxiously awaiting us, and by midnight we were once more set down in Valletta, each more highly satisfied with the day's enjoyment than another.

While in Gibraltar, I stated in a former chapter we grumbled much about having our field days on Saturdays, but here we had not that ground for complaint, as it has been but very seldom we have had them on that day. Still we have no lack of them, as no sooner does some distinguished visitor, such as a Crowned Head, a member of a Royal House, or some of those in exile, a foreign General, or Admiral, &c., show their nose on our shore than we must needs be turned out for their edification, though I am afraid they cannot leave much more enlightened as regards our movements, as we have

no ground at disposal of any dimensions where troops can be moved about and seen from any one point at the same time. Hence the usual marches past and a few changes of front, &c., are about all that we have room to do, at least when the whole garrison is turned out. One of these great displays was made on the occasion of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales on his return from India. The whole island turned out then, and what with bands playing, banners of all kinds floating in the breeze, and military demonstrations, there was a commotion such as is seldom to be witnessed in Malta, great as the island is for displays.

There was nothing of ceremony when the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh sojourned here. They mingled with the inhabitants quite freely, and it may be said we scarcely knew that Royalty was living in our midst.

Our regiment, during our stay in Malta, where we still are, has been even more healthy than in Gibraltar. The principal disease prevalent here is a fever incidental to the climate, but which, if taken in time, is easily got rid of.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE SOLDIER'S PAY.

In bringing these rambling remarks to a close, it may be well that I should give the reader my frank opinion regarding military life.

As every one knows there is a vast difference between both the recruit and the soldier of 1858 and those of 1877. When I first determined to serve Her Majesty in the first-mentioned year I had many difficulties to overcome, many privations to endure, and many extra articles to supply at my own expense. This has all been done away with now, as recent legislation has caused a searching enquiry into most of the complaints then made, and has put the soldier in a better position as regards pay and allowances; but although thus much good has accrued, the other side of the picture is somewhat dark, for I must frankly declare (no matter who may seek to deny the statement) the great out-cry in 1870-71 of remodelling the army, has utterly failed in its object—nay, more, has almost ruined it altogether. A recruit at the time I joined was very often kept on a penny a-day for months after enlistment, till his kit, &c., supplied to him should be paid up. At best he could never draw more than 10s a-month, and he was indeed a saving and careful fellow who could draw full pay for a few months running. He required to be able to use the


needle, and so patch up and keep in good order his necessaries, else he would find some small thing he wanted month after month. While here speaking of necessaries I may as well clear away a false idea that I know not a few outside the Army have got a hold of, and the recent speeches in Parliament—especially those supporting the Government—have been more likely to strengthen that idea than to dispel it. I refer to their belief that a private soldier has the rate of one shilling of pay daily. Now this I cannot deny as I am credited in my accounts every month with that sum, together with such amount of good conduct pay as my conduct may entitle me to receive ; but I have long looked in vain for a War Minister to inform his hearers what are the items that appear monthly on the debtorside of these accounts. Now, the true state of affairs is this—A recruit on joining is served out with what is termed a free kit, viz. : —1 tunic ; 1 jacket ; 2 pairs trousers ; 2 pairs boots ; 1 forage cap ; 1 shako ; 2 flannel (or 3 cotton) shirts ; 3 pairs socks ; 2 towels ; 1 pair braces ; blacking, polishing, cloth, brass, and shaving brushes ; fork, knife, and spoon ; sponge ; razor and case ; button-holder ; a box of blacking ; and great-coat, knapsack, and canteen with straps. Here is a complete rig out, as the sailors say ; but then one knows these things are not manufactured from steel or cast-iron so that they could serve a man a life-time. Do you say, “Why, you are served out with clothing annually ?” Well, what is it we are thus served out with annually ?—a tunic, jacket, 2 pairs boots, and 1 pair trousers annually (2 pairs biennially), a shako every 4 and a great-coat every 5 years ; but when any other of the foregoing are required then your

shilling pays the piper. It may be that some months nothing of these are required, but in *every* one you have shown against you 3½d daily for messing and washing ; 2d or more for the benefit of the books and newspapers in the library you hear so much praised as belonging to every regiment for the use of the soldier ; the same amount (and oftener higher) for the wear and tear of barrack-room furniture—mops, brooms, cans, &c.—to which must be added hair-cutting, marking, &c. This, I think, will show clearly I am not exceeding the mark when I say we drew 10s monthly when I joined first, but we can now draw the double of that, not 30s or 31s as many are led to believe. Any arithmetician can see that a regiment consisting of 600 or 700 men paying 2d each or more every month, and very often about a couple of shillings when leaving a particular barracks for barrack damages, do not sit rent free under the War Office authorities. The messing and washing mentioned above also require a little explanation, as we are always hearing of the soldier being “better fed, better clothed, and better housed than the working-man.” The rations allowed are 1 lb. bread and 1 lb. beef to each man daily ; and I defy any human being to live on that alone ; so our threepence finds us in tea, coffee, sugar, potatoes, and vegetables, while the odd halfpenny goes for washing our clothing. Thus you see when every thing is deducted our shilling dwindles away greatly ; and what I have stated refers solely to regiments at home, for on this station, where we draw exactly the same pay, we have to supply ourselves with summer clothing in the shape of white coats and cap covers, and these being in use for six months

out of the twelve costs us on an average 5d or 6d a week for their washing (independent of the before-mentioned halfpenny), as we are expected always to turn out with them clean to parade. But regiments about to come to the Mediterranean will be glad to learn this is to be the last year of this regulation, serge coats and helmets being about to be served out by the War Office.

Year after year when the Army estimates are brought forward we hear the Secretary of State for War mourn over the number of desertions that have taken place during the year, and attributing the cause to the lower class of recruits as enlisting for the sake of the kit, and then deserting for the purpose of converting it into money. Against this I have not one word to say, as I know full well a great many of the desertions do arise from this; but has it never struck the Right Hon. gentleman that there may be cause for it on his own side? Instead of periodically sending hand-bills and circulars throughout the length and breadth of the land enticing young men to enlist by showing off the advantages to be gained by becoming a soldier, such as receiving a shilling a-day, being better fed, clothed, and housed, having the benefit of libraries and savings' banks, the opportunity of visiting foreign countries, &c., would it not be far better to show him how he will actually stand after he joins his regiment, such as I have shown above? for I can assure you it is not seldom I have heard an intelligent recruit, who showed every appearance of making a good soldier, say that he had been enlisted under an entire misunderstanding, and that he was justified in releasing himself as soon, in any manner, as he could find opportunity.

But I am digressing from my subject, which was the legislation of 1870-71. Of course, it will be seen I refer to Lord Cardwell's Act; and as it has now had a fair trial, I again, as emphatically as words can express, reiterate my statement that it has proved an utter failure. Where is the better class of recruits we were to get? Echo only answers, Where. This I can safely affirm, the recruits joining with me in 1858 were equal, if not superior, in physique and education to the recruits of 1876-77. By this Act men are enlisted into the army and their time expires before they have thoroughly mastered the rudiments even of what they came into it to learn. It is quite a common expression amongst them, "What do I care for the service; my time will soon be up, and I'll be back in civil life in a year or two;" and as regards their being better educated, an educated recruit is as great a rarity now as I have ever seen during my close on twenty years' service. However, the authorities seem to be determined that the recruits *shall* be better educated, as the compulsory clause has also crept into the army in the shape of their being bound to attend school a certain number of hours daily until in possession of a certificate. Now, what is the consequence of all this? Why, merely that they cannot be in school and do their duty at one and the same time. Hence they must needs be excused fatigues, &c., that would keep them away from school, and their more gifted comrades must do them for them. These uneducated recruits are not so far back but that they know it. Ask any of them, as the time for an examination for certificates comes round, if they are likely to pass for one, and they well tell





you what a fool they would be to do so, and thus become available for parades and fatigues. All that is required to free them from a compulsory attendance is the *lowest* standard of reading, the *lowest* standard in writing, and the four simple rules in arithmetic ; and yet I have known some of them commence attending immediately on their joining, and be still in attendance when their six years were completed, never having been able to master these simple studies. "Facts are chiel's that winna ding." Again, the Act, after it was properly in working order, was ultimately to do away with pensions altogether. I certainly wish some one would open the eyes of my dull apprehension on this point. I am serving twenty-one years at *one shilling* per diem, and after doing so am discharged with a pension of *eightpence* per diem; after my constitution has been undermined through service in foreign climes—aye, mayhap on many battlefields—so that I am unfit for a hard day's work, and must therefore accept a paltry pittance for light work for the few years before my worn-out frame returns to the dust from whence it came, and the eightpence to the exchequer. The recruit enlisting now-a-days draws *one shilling and twopence* daily for six years (for it must be borne in mind he draws the twopence of deferred pay which is not allowed a twenty-one years' man, though both perform the same duties) ; he returns to civil life and draws *sixpence* per day (the deferred twopence included) for another six years for nothing else but attending twenty-one drills in the year with some Militia or Volunteer Corps. He is in the hey-day of life and able to perform a hard day's work—if he has had a trade before so much the better—for he was but a strip-

ling on joining, but he has now reached manhood's prime, or, as the saying is, a bone has been put in him and he has been taught not a little self-respect. How much, then, is saved? Again, if this Act is to continue, from whence are we to draw our non-commissioned officers? The late Duke of Wellington considered the sergeants the backbone of the British Army, but, unless they return to the long service, I ask again where are these to come from? Of course at present I can see a soldier of one year's service taking his place amongst the corporals; but what is the result unless he be one who has been better brought up and has learned how to command *himself*? This early promotion over his comrades is apt to make him proud and haughty, and very often this brings his inferiors into crime in the shape of an unguarded reply to some offensive or too haughty expression. Insubordination towards a non-commissioned officer in the Army is very easy to commit, and is a most serious crime. Far be it from me to say one word against strict discipline, for where there are so many of different countries, religions, and temperaments mingled together, due respect for rank, &c., must be upheld; yet to my mind a non-commissioned officer in the British Army is often considered far too immaculate a being, and he often cloaks offences with his rank he would not dare do otherwise. But besides being apt to make them proud, are these new non-commissioned officers competent to discharge the responsible duties which daily devolve upon them? Have they had time to study the dispositions, feelings, and tempers of those under them, or learned how to command themselves, and govern those placed under their charge? After many years' experi-

ence of the Army I must say, that with a few exceptions they are not. Although I have been a private soldier the most of my time I always regretted seeing a good old sergeant leaving the Regiment. When I say good, I mean one who did his duty faithfully and fearlessly, for in the Army you will find eye-servants as well as in other spheres of life, but the soldier, be he sergeant or private, who performs his duties uprightly has nothing to fear. One order in the Army that I think would be better erased is that prohibiting non-commissioned officers using what they call too much familiarity with the private soldier. That a close intimacy between them may in some cases lead to bad consequences I do not deny, but to be made prisoner for being in their company (as I have often seen) is carrying the rule too far, as often this might happen between two brothers, or at least between old companions from childhood. The law is not relaxed even in these instances. There is no non-commissioned officer but knows that the intelligent private soldier is he who gives him least trouble in the performance of his duties, and, were this order in abeyance, he would only be too proud to accept one of them as a sharer of his joys or troubles, rather than those whom necessity compells to make such. Yes; the Army has both its joys and sorrows; its hopes and fears; its pleasures and difficulties. Still, I must say I have nothing to regret in my past life as a soldier. I have done my duty to the best of my ability, and had I my life to begin over again, with no other prospect before me but working in a coal mine, I would most undoubtedly select the Army as a profession. Certainly the British soldier has few domestic

comforts, his is an active and stirring life, and the civilian who joins the Army in the hope of realising an easy and indolent life will find himself miserably disappointed. True, there are some would-be gentlemen in it, but they are greatly in the minority, and from that class (of whom better things might be expected) there generally emanate the sparks of any disaffection that exists. This Act has thoroughly destroyed the *esprit-de-corps* of some of our most distinguished regiments already. Old soldiers have ever been most jealous for the honour of their regiments; but in a few short years where will we find our old soldiers? "Why, in the Reserve," you say. Yes, if that means all corners of the world, for there is not one who will ever consider himself so much under control by it as he did when with the colours. Let all, then, who have the honour and prestige of the British Army at heart not rest until they have wiped this Act entirely from the Statute Book, or else that Army will very soon lose the character bestowed on it by Napoleon the Great of being the smartest in the world.

I expect soon to return to the scenes of youth, but only to find the companions of my early days all scattered and gone. Ah! the bright-faced children of my childhood; where are they? I shall gaze no more on the old familiar faces of those who roamed with me among the blooming heather of my dear fatherland. Their forms so full of life and beauty and their cheery voices are gone. The auld kirk-yard of Glenvale keeps the sacred dust of many of those who knew me in bygone days. The parental eye that beamed upon me with love and tenderness too deep for utterance is closed in the silent tomb. The affectionate

to  
t  
s  
y  
it  
ir  
le  
o  
ns  
in  
ed  
ier  
ex-  
in  
ept  
lea,  
to  
and  
and  
; to  
lone  
my  
pect  
ould  
sion.  
etic

heart that beat in such warm response to my every joy and sorrow is still, and mute is the voice which was once the sweetest music to my listening ear. But

"Still I've a Friend wha has watched over me,  
An' guided my course in a strange countrie ;  
An, whan He tak's me whaur nae storms blow,  
I'll meet a' the dear ones I lost long ago."

T H E E N D .



